THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1938

THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY

BY VIGILANS

ACCORDING to tradition, the British people keep their heads and carry on coolly in the gravest emergency provided their leaders tell them the truth of what they have to face. Unless there is some such virtue in our democratic system, in days of danger it can have little to set against the swift and undisputed decisions of the dictatorships, and the training of their whole peoples to strict and unquestioning obedience. But is the British people being told the truth? Have the majority any real conception of the danger which confronts them and for which the enormous rearmament effort is required? Instead of facing a known and recognized danger, are they not being allowed still to cherish hopes of being able to buy off the danger with relatively insignificant concessions or, if that fails, of "muddling through as usual"? To put it even more bluntly, are the general public being trusted with as clear a picture of the situation, if not with as many details, as must have been supplied by the Government to the employers and trades union representatives in order to secure their thorough co-operation in the new armaments programme? The Prime Minister said a little time ago that he feared lest loud speech might precipitate the threatening avalanche. But if the desired national effort is to be aroused without dangerously plain speech, there will be needed such a living appeal to the people as probably only two men on the Government benches in the Commons are capable of supplying—and neither of them is in the Cabinet.

It was doubtless not expected that any considerable section of the population would study the Anglo-Italian agreement closely at the time of publication, so that its principal characteristic, length without depth, may have escaped general notice. Yet even the Government's most obedient admirers

can hardly have persuaded themselves that a treaty so lacking in precision, and so well calculated to enhance Signor Mussolini's prestige at the expense of that of Great Britain, would have passed the scrutiny of our still highly-skilled diplomatic service, if the British Government had felt themselves to be negotiating on a plane of equality. It may be true that it was better in the circumstances to make some treaty than to make none, even though in so doing we negotiated on Signor Mussolini's terms and on his chosen ground. At all events many people accept the Government's view that the fact of the agreement is more important than its terms. But do they understand why?

It will be necessary to make plain a good deal of the harsh truth and in the process to destroy a number of popular illusions. Here are some of the illusions :

1.—There is no danger of a European war in the near future. The Prime Minister said so at Birmingham on April 8th.

2.—Even if war does come sooner or later, the Government have broken the axis and made the inner Mediterranean safe.

3.—Franco master of all Spain means the end of danger from the war spreading. He will have to come to London for money for reconstruction, and we shall be able to make good terms with him. Our old ally, Portugal, will help.

4.—Much of the armaments programme is only intended to be in full production about two years hence when ordinary trade and ordinary employment might be bad—just as the next General Election is due.

5.—As for Hitler, he has only joined up with the *Reich* what was really German land inhabited by Germans. We have nothing to be afraid of in such a policy.

6.—Britain and the Empire have no need to engage in a jealous struggle for existence. We can afford to take things more philosophically than we have done in the past, even if we do not always play a leading *rôle* nowadays.

In his anxiety to avoid precipitating the avalanche, the Prime Minister has indeed managed to suggest to many people that the avalanche is not pending at all. He said on April 8th : "People are apt to think that with all this talk of recruiting and arming and air-raid precautions, the Government must be expecting that a war is going to come upon us very soon. If such an idea has occurred to you get it out of your mind. The exact contrary is the case." By themselves, those words might be taken to condemn the whole armament-programme as futile waste, without any justification whatever in the international situation of Britain. However, Mr. Chamberlain also added "We are convinced that one of the ways to ensure peace

is to make ourselves ready for war. Remember that there are many interested people who are watching very closely what is going on in this country. You must look upon these preparations not merely as a precaution against war but as one of the most effective deterrents." That addition does contain an implied warning, but it is not likely that either Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Halifax talked in such a round-about way to the trade union leaders. They must at least have explained to them that the declared policy of Germany must inevitably precipitate war at an early date unless either we can check it or we are prepared indefinitely to yield to it. The only means of checking it is by a colossal and very rapid arms-production in this country.

It is wrong to assume that the agreement with Italy makes the Mediterranean route safe. Italian action in Spain has been the smoke-screen for complete German penetration of the peninsula, including Portugal. The withdrawal of Italian troops on the conditions agreed is now of no importance, since their job is finished. German control in Spain means ability, if the Nazi *régime* demands, to use the Atlantic ports, including the Spanish islands, as bases for attack on all British trade-routes not only through the Mediterranean but also to South America and round the Cape. Also, German control of Spanish mines means that in case of war France would not have the important output of Spanish iron-ore at her disposal, as she had from 1914 to 1918. It is not true that General Franco will have to come hat in hand to the City of London for a Reconstruction Loan in return for a political understanding. That is as much a legend as the same story regarding Italy and Abyssinia. As for Portugal, the " oldest ally " theory is exploded. Her people may be as friendly as ever, but her Government have seen Britain steadily recede before the dictators and have drawn their own conclusions, as our delegates have undoubtedly discovered.

It is not true that we can afford to sit back and watch with good-humoured indifference the ambitious efforts of other countries and other political systems. For the highly industrialized and overcrowded population of this country, accustomed to a very varied habit of life, there is no choice between world-influence through world-empire and ruin. Ruin does not mean merely " Little-Englandism." It means

unemployment for half our industrial population or more. The danger that confronts us is greater than any we have faced since Napoleon's day, but it is also other than any we have ever known. Germany, thanks to our reluctance until now to face facts, is swiftly manœuvering us into a position where, though every instinct of self-preservation should make us fight, in fact we may soon be unable to do so with a prospect of winning. To pay blackmail indefinitely is then the only alternative. "We expect to inherit the hoarded gold-millions of England" was the reported observation of an Italian writer not many weeks ago. Whether or no the Italian said it, many a German certainly thinks it.

However, the Prime Minister's own words lend no support to the theory that we can indefinitely buy off the real danger. He may hope to delay its approach while he mobilizes against it the whole of Great Britain's enormous resources. It is probably true that neither Signor Mussolini nor Herr Hitler believes that even together they could win against those resources if we were able and had time to employ them. It may also possibly be true that not even Germany would take the risk if that mobilization were proceeding with the speed that would be possible to a dictatorial *régime*. Therefore, in any case, the Government clearly need the maximum national effort in the shortest possible time, while on their own admission they are trying hurriedly to supplement it from the armaments industries of the United States and Canada.

But for the home effort they need not only to make the reality of danger clear but also to add the warmth of a generous resolve to the instinct of self-preservation. They have sacrificed abroad, and especially in the United States, whatever was left to this country of chivalrous reputation and both at home and abroad they have managed to incur for themselves, however unfairly, the suspicion of a cold-blooded and purely selfish cynicism. That is a worse handicap in the race against time and circumstance than any trades-union restrictions.

There may yet be time to recover some of that moral prestige and consequent power of persuasion if the right men are allowed to set about it in the right way. Of course, there is a risk in plain speech, but those who object to "trusting the public" on

that account should ask themselves whether the present methods are not even more dangerous, since they encourage the suspicion that under the guise of a democracy we are really being rapidly converted into our own brand of authoritarian State. The danger is greater and more immediate than all but a small proportion of the population realizes, and therefore so also is our need. On that point, above all, the leaders of the people must not, dare not admit of any further illusions.

THE GERMAN CHALLENGE

By Sir Malcolm Robertson

DURING a recent debate in the House of Lords the doubt was expressed whether one in a million of the British people had any idea where Czechoslovakia was. If I had had the advantage of the speaker's company at one of the thirty or so different non-political meetings which I have addressed on foreign affairs in divers parts of England and Wales during the last six or seven months, I think, perhaps, that he might have changed his opinion—which was obviously based on insufficient acquaintance with the alertness of his fellow-countrymen in these matters. The real fact is that at no time in our history have the British people been better informed as to foreign affairs and seldom have they taken a greater interest in them. It has been apparent to me for some time past, from questions which have been asked me not only in London and its suburbs but in Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Hull, Cardiff, Oxford, Bristol and other places, that, with some notable exceptions, the British people are beginning to be fully alive to the German menace in Central and South-Eastern Europe, and what it means to the security of the British Empire. The interest of the majority, undoubtedly, is centred upon the League of Nations, and they would be ready to support a strong policy under the Covenant. The hungry sheep look up—and are fed with platitudes about 'seeking friendly discussion and creating a new atmosphere of good will.' This vivid and intelligent interest among men and women of every rank and position remains one of the not very many encouraging aspects of the international situation.

Much of what I propose to say here has, I know, already been said. Let me nevertheless engage upon the grim task of dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

There is an important and influential group in London which

appears to hold that by giving back to Germany her former colonies and by some vague policy of "appeasement" we should be able to placate her. I can only imagine that they have sufficient intimacy with Germany and her policy to support their views. In so far as I am concerned, I may perhaps be forgiven if I prefer to rely upon Herr Hitler himself as well as upon my own forty years' knowledge of the German people and of the doctrines that have been fed to them. In his book *Mein Kampf*, only about one third of which has been translated into English and that inadequately, and which is still the Bible of the German people, the text-book for every German school and the wedding present for every German bridal couple—a book the policy of which Herr Hitler is gradually carrying out page by page, almost paragraph by paragraph and line by line, without anything but verbal opposition from the Government of this and other democratic countries—he writes: (I translate from the Third Edition).

P. 735. "We must again devote ourselves to representing the highest point of view of every foreign policy, that is to say, to bringing the land into its proper proportion to the number of the population."

P. 741. "As our forefathers did not receive the land on which we live today as a gift from Heaven but had to conquer it by staking their lives, so in the future no act of Grace by any people can assign to us the land and so Life for our people, but only the force of a victorious sword. However, much we may all recognize to-day the necessity for a reckoning with Francer this would, in a wider sense, be ineffective if it remained the only goal of out foreign policy. It can only have sense if it acts as cover for an enlargement of the living room of our people *in Europe* (the italics are mine). It is not to colonial acquisition that we must look for a solution of this question, but exclusively to the acquisition of territory for settlement which will increase the Area of the Motherland."

P. 742. "We finally part with the colonial and trade policy of the period before the war and pass over to the land policy of the future."

P. 754. This quotation is taken from what Herr Hitler calls his Political Testament: "Take every care that the strength of our people has its foundations *not in colonies* (the italics are mine) but in the land of its home in Europe. Do not look upon the Reich as secure if it cannot give for centuries to come its own piece of land and soil to every branch of our people. Never forget that the holiest right on this earth is the right to land for one's own cultivation and that the holiest sacrifice is the blood that one spills for this land."

From the above quotations, and there are very many others which one might mention, it will be seen that Herr Hitler's definite and determined policy is the acquisition of land in Europe by a victorious sword. The whole argument of his book

is that he must first unite all Germans and then conquer land for them in Eastern Europe. Before he can do this, however, he says that he must deal finally and conclusively with France, the country which he looks upon as the arch and inveterate enemy of the German people.

What, then, can have made him change his mind in regard to the colonies, as he appears to have done? Why does he now put their return in the forefront of his programme when dealing with us and demand it as a right? That it is partly a question of prestige, I do not doubt. But the obvious answer is that—as everyone who has been familiar with German policy ever since the foundation of the Empire in 1871 at least, is fully aware—that policy is guided almost exclusively by strategic considerations. In these modern days the former German colonies would form very useful air and submarine bases on the lines of our communications, not only with the Empire but with the countries of South America who supply us with so considerable a proportion of our needs in the way of food. No one except a German who is notoriously one of the most gullible and most ignorant of all the more or less civilized peoples of Europe, could take the proposition seriously that Germany needs the colonies for the supply of raw materials or as land for settlement for her surplus population. Has not Herr Hitler himself written: "The German has not the slightest notion how a people must be misled if the support of the masses is sought"? I understand it to be true that before the War there were not more than 20,000 Germans in all the German colonies put together, including soldiers and officials. I believe it also to be true that German imports from and exports to her colonies did not exceed .5% of her total imports and exports. These figures might conceivably be increased in modern times by an energetic policy, but surely not sufficiently to make any considerable difference in the German economy—which is admittedly based solely on preparation for war. The answer to those who think that Germany might be placated by giving her back her former colonies is that that is in the highest degree improbable, to put it very mildly. I would prefer to give an emphatic negative.

As the translations from Herr Hitler's book which I have

given above indicate quite clearly, then, German policy is the acquisition of land in Europe for the German plough. Now there are large numbers of people in this country who cannot see any objection to this, who feel that Germany was unfairly treated by the Treaty of Versailles, and that her domination of Central and South Eastern Europe could not conceivably be a major interest to us if indeed an interest at all. Frankly such a point of view is wholly incomprehensible to me.

In the first place, when considering the alleged "injustice of the Treaty of Versailles," it is perhaps not wholly unfair to remind my fellow-countrymen that it was in fact Germany who invaded Belgium without any provocation at all, it was Germany who first bombarded London and other open towns from the air, it was Germany who first used poison gas, it was Germany who made the first ruthless use of submarines, it was Germany who deliberately pursued a policy of "frightfulness" throughout the war. From the fear of a repetition of many of these things we are shuddering to-day. Germany, assisted by her Italian friends with whom we are negotiating yet again some kind of "gentlemen's agreement," is still practising "frightfulness" on the Spanish people, just to get her hand in again. We try to forget all these things, for it is the British nature to forget and forgive. I do not object to the forgiving, but I gravely fear the forgetting.

Secondly, the Treaty of Versailles and the action of the Allies in the following years, may have been unwise, indeed in my judgment they were so in very many respects; but, if it comes to injustice, I would commend, quite apart from the considerations mentioned above and which influenced statesmen and peoples at the time, a careful study of the Treaties of Brest Litovsk and Bucharest which Germany dictated to her defeated foes; those treaties showed to some extent the measure of her ambitions in Europe and they should, if she had any sense of shame at all, estop Germany from ever raising the question of "dictation" or "injustice." "Might is right," as has been abundantly made clear to the nations of the world for the past seventy years, is the gospel that the German Government and people have adopted and the only one that they understand. What adequate reason have they to complain if, during a few

short years, it was enforced against them ? In any case we are now back again to those dreadful days before the war when Europe awoke almost every morning deafened by the crash of the German mailed fist and blinded by the glitter of her shining armour.

But, in the third place, and this is the most vital consideration of all, German domination of Central and South-Eastern Europe which is well on the way to becoming an accomplished fact, means the hegemony of Europe established by probably the strongest single military Power that the world has seen since the days of Napoleon, a hegemony which in our own interests we have fought several wars to prevent. There were three main bastions in the line of the German advance not only through South-East Europe to the Mediterranean, but on through Asia Minor to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf. These bastions were Austria, Czechoslovakia, and the Little Entente consisting of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Of these bastions Austria has fallen, and a glance at the map will show that Bohemia at least is now nearly surrounded by Germany. The Sudeten Deutsch, thanks, perhaps, to the unwise policy of the Czechoslovakian Government, added to the recent German *coup de main* in Austria, are now alleged to be veering towards Nazi-ism and union with Germnay. Apart from the purely military situation, it must be borne in mind that economically Germany can now exercise very strong pressure indeed on Czechoslovakia. As regards the other two Members of the Little Entente, I would earnestly commend to all those who are now so eagerly studying foreign affairs, Dr. Gerhard Schacher's book *Germany pushes South-East* which shows the strong political and economic strangle-hold on these two countries which she has already obtained and is almost daily increasing, the Government of Greece being already pro-German, as is well known. It would indeed appear that Germany is now already almost in a position to control Central and South-Eastern Europe without the firing of a gun.

Such a domination which means the supply of food stuffs, ores of all kinds and Rumanian oil, all outside the range of the guns of the British fleet, would obviously bring Germany down to the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean and also open her land-line

o the Persian Gulf which was one of the main objectives of the policy of the Emperor William II. and the German General Staff, and remains the temporary goal of "Pan-Germanism," temporary because the ultimate announced goal is world-domination by the German race for the good of the world. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that such an overpowering position held by what, as I have said, must be looked upon as the most formidable military Power of to-day, would vitally affect British interests and indeed threaten the very existence of the British Empire.

Let us now look at the Western end of the Mediterranean and the situation in Spain. While I fully admit that the unhappy Civil War in Spain should be no concern of this or of any other country's, the actual facts of the position do not, unfortunately allow of such a detached attitude. I personally do not for one moment believe that either Germany or Italy were seriously concerned as to whether alleged Bolshevism or Fascism won the victory in Spain. I do not believe that the Spaniards themselves would ever adopt either Bolshevism or Fascism except as a result of pressure from outside, and then only temporarily. I suggest that the German main objective was to acquire the ore mines around Bilbao and Málaga and in Spanish Morocco, and an important jumping-off ground for air attacks on France. Incidentally, intervention in Spain provided a useful opportunity for them to try out their tanks, aeroplanes and high explosive bombs. Italy regarded her intervention as a useful opportunity to establish her strategic position in the Mediterranean, notably by occupation of the Balearic Islands. Now from my knowledge of the Spaniards I do not think that either General Franco or any other Spaniard would ever contemplate the actual cession of Spanish territory either on the mainland or in Morocco or the Spanish Islands to any foreign Power, whosoever it might be or whatever the obligations incurred as a result of warlike assistance. I do suggest, however, that if General Franco who has so many sympathizers and adherents in this country, wins the Civil War, as now seems highly probable, it will be a very long time before he can do without German and Italian material assistance. In these circumstances an Alliance with Germany and Italy or with one of them is surely not outside the bounds of possibility.

Now there are many people in this country who have failed to realize the importance to us of the Portuguese Alliance. They regard with complete contempt any assistance that might be given to us by the Portuguese Army and Navy. In this they may possibly be right. But have they ever considered what our position would be if the Portuguese Coast in Europe, the Portuguese Colonies in Africa, the Cape Verde Islands and Madeira were closed to us and available for the enemy? Those who have studied the naval history of the last war would be able, I trust, to convince such people that the Portuguese Alliance is of extreme value to us. If that be so, it may be deduced how great would be the danger to us, should the Coasts of Spain, the Balearic Islands, Northern Morocco, and the Canary Islands, be in enemy hands. The future of Spanish policy is, to my mind, a matter almost of life and death for the British Empire, and still more so if, as I have indicated above, Germany succeeds in dominating Central and South-Eastern Europe and establishing her position in the Eastern Mediterranean.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the moment that the Anglo-Italian negotiations were about to begin, Herr Hitler struck and struck hard by occupying Austria and, therefore, by bringing Germany on to the Brenner Pass. It is hardly too much to say that Herr Hitler now has his friend Signor Mussolini by the throat. There can be little doubt that the *Duce* who is a very intelligent man fully realizes this most unpleasant fact. Will the German occupation of Austria, then, bring about a weakening of the Rome/Berlin Axis? That, to my mind, entirely depends upon the military, naval and air strength of this country and of France, as it also depends in a large degree on the possibility of reviving the League of Nations. Unfortunately, our Prime Minister and a number of his supporters have torpedoed the League. It is somewhat difficult for the ordinary man to understand exactly what Mr. Chamberlain has meant by his recent utterances. On the one hand he seems to say that he no longer believes in collective security, but on the other hand he is apparently ready to fulfil our obligations under the League of Nations Covenant. I suggest that, just as at the time of the Abyssinian crisis it was our military, air and even naval weakness which failed to rally the nations in full support of the Covenant

and the Sanctions provided for by Article XVI, so to-day the equivocal attitude of the British Government is forcing the smaller nations on the fringe of Germany to take stock of their position and to feel that, as they cannot rely on the intervention of the British Empire either in its own interests which, as I have pointed out, are vital, or in defence of the Covenant to which it is so solemnly pledged, they had better speedily make friends as best they may with their powerful neighbour.

As regards these smaller nations—there is a tendency among unthinking people in this country to decry their importance and the value of the assistance that they might be able to give if they were actively on our side in the event of a major conflict. To take the economic side alone, can it be seriously argued that any nation or even group of powerful nations such as Germany, Italy and Japan, could hold out for long against a complete economic boycott by fifty other nations great and small the ports of which would, for example, be completely closed to their shipping and to their trade? On the purely military side, let those who regard with contempt the possible assistance that these nations might render to the common cause of freedom and democracy, pause to consider the considerable military might of the Little Entente. I suggest that Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia between them, are powerful enough in a military sense at least to check a German advance, provided that they could be assured of speedy assistance from the West. This assistance could and should be guaranteed to them by the League of Nations Covenant, and this is what I mean by collective security which, as I understand, our Prime Minister no longer believes in. It has been and still is being alleged that in the event of a war we should have to bear the brunt of the fighting and the financial burden. There can be little doubt that France and ourselves would have to make the greatest actual contribution in the military, naval and air sense as well as in the economic. On the other hand, relatively, the independence of the smaller nations and the danger to them proceeding from an invasion by the totalitarian States, is of every bit as great importance to them as a similar danger is to us. Strange though it may seem, the life even of a beggar in the street is of no less importance to himself than the life of any duke or millionaire is to himself.

I still believe and am wholly unrepentant in believing, that this great Empire of ours could even yet rally the vast majority of the nations of the world round the League of Nations Covenant, more especially now when our rearmament is proceeding. Members of His Majesty's Government and their supporters declare that they are averse from dividing Europe into camps. They appear to lose sight of the undoubted fact that Europe is already divided into two camps, the one fully armed, united, truculent and aggressive, the other semi-armed, disunited, yearning for peace almost at any price, and shivering with fear. In short, I regard our desertion of the League, for that is what in point of fact it amounts to, as a major disaster which has struck terror into the hearts of the smaller nations who might be valuable allies in the event of a war.

The Anglo-Italian draft agreement merely lights up the chasm of humiliation into which our military weakness has driven us. It is common ground that Italy deliberately violated the Covenant of the League of Nations and that she has conquered and annexed the territory of one of its Members. The British Empire is now compelled to acknowledge and give its blessing to this act of violence in spite of its pledged word under the Covenant. As we have allowed Germany, almost to the consternation of its General Staff, to re-arm, to annex Austria, and dominate Eastern and South-Eastern Europe only twenty years after her defeat in war, it may be and probably is necessary for us to endeavour to patch up some kind of friendship with Italy. But surely, if our negotiations succeed, and involve the recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, this can only be but a temporary solution of some of our difficulties and not one of which we and the British Empire have any cause to be proud, or from which we can derive any permanent satisfaction or feeling of security.

THE ITALIAN CHALLENGE

By George Martelli

BY the time these lines appear the agreement with Italy will have been concluded, if not signed and sealed. It will have marked a stage, an important stage, in Anglo-Italian relations; the end of a chapter, but not the end of the story. The story is only just beginning.

It is doubtful whether more than a small minority in either country realizes what has been happening in the last three years. I say "either country" deliberately, because the majority of Italians themselves are as yet scarcely aware of the direction in which they are going. They know that their Government has been at loggerheads with England, but they have been taught that that was the fault of the League of Nations and Mr. Eden. They have only a vague idea of the profounder causes of the quarrel. As for the British public, they are aware that Mussolini has been making himself a nuisance. They have been told by a section of the Press, and by various speakers in Parliament, that the Italian intervention in Spain is a threat to the British Empire. But there is little sign of their taking this warning very seriously. Spain is far away, and the Near East, where the threat is a good deal greater, still further.

It takes a long time to awaken the inhabitants of these islands to a danger, and the Italian challenge to Britain is comparatively recent. That is to say it has only recently made itself heard. It may be said to have become news for the first time during the summer of 1935, when hints began to be dropped at the Foreign Office that an Italian conquest of Abyssinia would not look too good to Egypt. It was news again when reinforcements were sent to Libya, and when the Mediterranean Fleet 'did a bolt' from Malta to Alexandria. With the collapse of sanctions it ceased to be topical, but came up again with the Gentleman's Agreement of January last year and was nearly always good for

half a column throughout the spring and summer of 1937. Since the autumn it has held the front page continuously, and on one occasion at least, namely the resignation of the Foreign Secretary, provided a first-rate sensation.

All who desire peace must hope that with the signing of the Rome agreement Anglo-Italian relations will cease to be a "story." Many people sincerely believe that such will be the case. Among them are those who have always considered an Anglo-Italian clash as unthinkable, and who attribute the recent misunderstandings exclusively to the attitude of Britain during the Abyssinian crisis. They are the people who tell you in all good faith that Italy has not, and never had, any ambitions incompatible with the interests of the British Empire ; and that any action of hers which might be regarded as anti-British, such as the construction of new bases in the Mediterranean or the campaign of propaganda in the Near East, were in reality purely defensive measures, inspired by a fear that Britain was seeking revenge for the failure of sanctions.

To argue thus is to start the story of 1935, when, as I have already remarked, the Italian challenge was first heard in this country. But that does not mean it had not been sounded before. It was sounded as long ago as 1926, when Mussolini paid his first visit to Tripoli. "We are a Mediterranean people, and our destiny has been and always will be on the sea." "We are thirsty for the power, for the riches and the prosperity so long denied us. . . . Our colonial aspirations do not constitute a menace to anyone." And again in 1927 :

> The precise, fundamental and paramount duty of Fascist Italy is that of putting in a state of preparedness all her armed forces on land, on sea and in the air. We must be in a position, at a certain moment, to mobilize five million men, and we must be in a position to arm them. Our Navy must be reinforced and our Air Force—in which I have more and more faith—must be so numerous and so powerful that the roar of its engines should drown any other noise in the Peninsula and the span of its wings should hide the sun from our country. We shall be in a position then—between 1935 and 1940—when we shall find ourselves at a point which I should call a crucial point in European history ; we shall be in a position to make our voices felt and to see, at last, our rights recognized.

Was this a challenge, a threat ? Perhaps not directly, but it showed that Mussolini was already thinking in terms of expansion, with a European war as an additional possibility.

It is true that in the same breath he gave an explicit assurance that his colonial aspirations did not threaten anyone. By choosing Abyssinia to expand in, where the interests of the other Powers were comparatively unimportant, he might be considered to have respected this assurance. But was Abyssinia ever intended to be the final act in the creation of the Italian Empire? One would not like to deny it categorically. Governments, even dictatorial, seldom look further ahead than a stage. It would probably be untrue to say that in 1926 or 1927 Mussolini was planning an attack on the British Empire. Or even in 1934, when preparations for the conquest of Ethiopia were already fully matured. What can be affirmed is that the expansionist ideas with which he was toying at the earlier date, and which had become a cut-and-dried policy by the latter, were fated to bring Italy into collision with Great Britain. It is not the conscious designs of nations that are the greatest danger to others, but the current which carries them, often unconsciously, to an unknown destiny.

The threat which the rise of a new military and, above all, naval and aerial Power must always constitute to a world-wide Empire such as the British was latent before the conquest of Abyssinia. It was contained in the existence of Fascism, an ideological form which is based on belief in and glorification of the struggle for power. It was contained in the secret ambition of Mussolini to revive the glory of Rome and build a neo-Roman Empire on the shores of the Mediterranean. The effect of the events of 1935-1936 was to make the threat patent. It opened the eyes not only of the world but of the Italian people themselves. They had often been told by Mussolini they were a first-rate Power, but they never really believed it till then. After Abyssinia they did believe it. And they believed it, not because they had inflicted defeat on a semi-armed, semi-savage African nation; but because they had dared the invincible British lion and got away with it. What is more—they had dared him, if not in his own lair, on ground where he was accustomed to play the Monarch.

Hear the opinion of Pietro Silva, the Italian historian, expressed in the new edition of his book *Il Mediterraneo*.

> " The fact that Italy was able to resist the pressure of British sea power, and to pursue her objective with complete success, in spite of the obstacles placed in her path, signifies that in the life and politics of the Mediterranean a new Power has definitely arisen and established itself, and that England can no longer exercise the undisputed dominion of the Latin sea, and play the rôle of arbiter, as in the past. . . . Future historians will mark with the events of the autumn of 1935 the opening of a new phase in the story of the Mediterranean, in the same way that present historians regard as the opening of a new phase the British occupation of Gibraltar and Minorca at the beginning of the eighteenth century."

The book should be read and studied by anyone who aspires to comprehend the present mentality of Fascism. The reference to Gibraltar and Minorca is particularly illuminating. Gibraltar was captured for England in 1704 and Minorca, then the finest natural base in the Mediterranean, in 1708. It was the beginning of British ascendancy in the middle sea. The average life of such ascendancy is between two and three hundred years. Great Britain has enjoyed it, with interruptions, for two hundred and thirty. Italians who read history feel that their turn, if it has not come, is approaching.

It is easy enough for Signor Mussolini to persuade himself, and his people, that the preparations of Italy in the Mediterranean are defensive. The memory of sanctions is the memory of a siege, with the other nations as aggressors and Italy with her back to the wall. She can never forget the threat to close the Suez Canal, a threat which must always hang over her head as long as the Canal is the only road from Italy to Italian East Africa. The permanent neutrality of the Canal and freedom of passage through it may well be assured by the international convention of 1885, and reaffirmed in the Anglo-Italian agreement of 1938. But would any Power in the position of Italy, with such a vital interest in keeping the passage open, put its trust in such assurances? Would England? Obviously not, since from the opening of the Canal its control has always remained in British hands. In any case, even if reliance could be placed on conventions in time of war—and there is no war in history to justify such confidence—nothing is easier than an accident. The ship loaded with concrete which sinks athwart the passage is such a simple and effective expedient that one wonders it has not happened already.

So it comes to this, that Italy cannot feel secure about her

Empire as long as the Suez Canal is controlled by another Power and there is no alternative route connecting the peninsula with East Africa. The only such alternative is a corridor linking Abyssinia and Libya and traversing the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In either case the obstacle is Great Britain. For while British troops guard the Canal, they also assure, by virtue of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, the territorial integrity and political independence of Egypt, and the Anglo-Egyptian condominion in the Sudan. And even if it were practicable to cede a corridor the British Army in Egypt would still be on its flank. There is, in fact, no real security for the Italian Empire, other than that which rests on the good will of Britain, except in an Italian occupation of Egypt.

But Italy has other reasons besides strategical for coveting Egypt. The richest of all the north African countries, and one of the richest countries in the world, the prize which dazzled the greatest of the Roman captains, it is the obvious goal of a neo-Roman imperialism. Its capture would round off the Italian possessions in Africa and fulfil the dream of the earliest Italian colonists to use Abyssinia as a back door to the Mediterranean. Italian territory would extend solidly from Mogadishu to Tripoli, from the shores of the Red Sea to the eastern fringe of the Sahara. Egypt, moreover, as Napoleon realized, is the key to the Orient. It unlocks the door to Palestine, Iraq and Arabia. It is the natural point of departure for the Near and Middle East, indispensable to any Power aspiring to influence in those countries.

Egypt would be tempting to an expansionist nation in any circumstances. How much more tempting when, as at present, it is practically defenceless. The British garrison numbers between 10,000 and 15,000 troops, some of whom may often be required elsewhere, for instance in Palestine. There is also a respectable air force. These will be replaced eventually—and a very distant eventuality it is—by 20,000 Egyptian soldiers and an appropriate air arm, the nucleus of which is now being trained by a British military mission. Opposed to these defences the Italians claim to have massed on the Libyan frontier at least two Army Corps totalling 60,000 men, with tanks, mobile artillery and a very numerous air force. Although the claim was

believed by many people in Cairo when I was there in February to be bluff, there is no question that the Libyan garrison hopelessly outnumbers that of Egypt. Also it can be reinforced from Italy in forty-eight hours, while a British transport takes anything up to a fortnight to reach Alexandria from England. The best hope, in fact, of saving Egypt in the event of an Italian attack from Libya would lie in an Indian Expeditionary force landing in Kenya. This would keep the Italian Army in Abyssinia occupied and perhaps hold up an invasion of the Sudan, though it could scarcely prevent Marshal Balbo from reaching Cairo.

In the last resort, however, the fate of Egypt, and for that matter of all the countries surrounding the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, depends upon sea power : in which, of course, is now included the power of the air arm to damage the enemy's fleet and sea communications. Signor Mussolini has said, and the Italian General Staff have grasped, that the future of Italy is on the water, in the sense that without the command of its sea routes she cannot hope to realize her dream of converting the Mediterranean into a Roman lake. It was sea power, and sea power alone, which gave Britain her commanding position. The efforts made by Italy to counter-balance this naval preponderance are the surest guide to her ultimate intentions, just as the naval race with Germany before the Great War showed where the danger to Britain lay.

Her efforts have been assisted by the supreme advantage of a central geographical position. It is not even necessary to look at a map, you need only to remember the shape of Europe and Africa, to appreciate the ease with which a country situated as is Italy could close the Mediterranean to enemy ships. It is so obvious that the British Government long since devised a plan for diverting traffic round the Cape in the event of a war with Italy. A similar view is taken by the French General Staff. With Italian submarines based on Sardinia and the Balearics the Algiers-Marseilles route would be much too dangerous, so a scheme has been worked out for bringing the African reinforcements from Casablanca, on the Western coast of Morocco, across the Atlantic to France.

Of the geographical advantage Italy has made the best with

her system of up-to-date aero-naval bases. These are so devised and distributed as to create a series of barriers ready to be drawn across the Mediterranean corridor. The most important is the line which extends Southward from Spezzia, through Calgiari in Sardinia and Sicily to Tripoli. Its most recent addition is the fortified island of Pantellaria, half-way across the hundred-mile strait separating Tunis from Marsala. By closing this passage, which she could do easily merely by mining it, Italy would as effectively render the Mediterranean impassable as if she commanded the Straits of Gibraltar or Suez. For greater safety, however, she has envisaged another barrage, which would run from Leros and Rhodes in the Dodecanese to Tobruk, on the coast of Cirenaica. Tobruk is the best natural harbour in Libya and it is now being developed intensively as a naval and air base, and also as the landing place for reinforcements on the Egyptian frontier. The Dodecanese bases can also threaten Turkey and the passage to and from the Dardanelles. Their importance for Italian strategy has increased since the Montreux Conference gave Turkey the right to re-fortify the narrows and Russia to send her Black Sea squadron through them. In the event of Britain's ever deciding to build a base at Cyprus we should undoubtedly see an increase of activity in the nearby Italian islands. In fact I was told in Cyprus this was the only reason which had made our Admiralty hesitate.

All these bases, however, have not been designed merely to harry British commerce. The damage they could do to trade would be slight, since only a small proportion of British imports derive from the Mediterranean, and those which are normally carried through it could be diverted to the longer route without enormous inconvenience. The Italian navy and air force has a far more vital function than interrupting British communications They have to keep their own communications open. As Mussolini has rightly said, while for Britain the Mediterranean is only a road (*via*) and a short cut at that, for Italy it is life itself. In the first place, eighty per cent. of Italy's imports come across its waters and, in spite of feverish attempts to achieve autarchy she can never hope to be wholly independent of this seaborne trade. Secondly, the Italian colony in Libya

and the Italian Empire in East Africa are only accessible by sea. And thirdly, the unimpeded passage of the Mediterranean is the primary and essential condition of any further expansion in Africa or the Near East. From all of which it can clearly be seen that the needs of defence and offence are identical and inseparable, and that the indispensable minimum required for Italian security is also very near the maximum necessary for successful aggression. Once Italy is in a position to make her own possessions safe, she is also in the position to make others' untenable.

To attain that position she must be able at least to hold her own with any force liable to oppose her. In the eastern Mediterranean there is only one such force, and that is the British Navy and its available air strength. To create a situation in which this opponent could first be held in check and eventually prevented from doing any harm whatsoever has been the chief aim of Italian strategy for the last several years. The weakness of Britain in the Mediterranean, as everybody realizes, is its distance from England and consequent dependence on a few widely scattered and vulnerable bases. History shows—the loss of Minorca is the best example—that British influence in the middle sea rose or fell according to the ability of the Fleet to find suitable harbours in which to rest and refit. And suitable landing-places, we should add to-day, for its aeroplanes to come down on. An enemy which could deprive us of the use of Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria and Port Said, would be in a fair way to driving us out of the Mediterranean. How are those places looking to-day?

In Spain and Spanish Morocco, since the Italian intervention, new guns are known to have been erected, which, if they do not actually threaten Gibraltar, threaten the straits through which British vessels must pass to reach it. The Spanish Nationalists are believed to have their eyes on the Rock, and it would surprise no one if a claim to it were made after their victory. East of Gib. there is nothing nearer than Malta, a thousand miles further on. The inhabitants of this Crown Colony are still recovering from the fright which they suffered in the autumn of 1935, when the Mediterranean Fleet, fearing an attack by Italian bombers (which can reach it from Sicily and Tripoli in 20 minutes and

40 respectively) scuttled out of harbour and left the island defenceless. It is still defenceless, relatively, in spite of the anti-aircraft batteries and the new aerodromes installed recently. Supposing the most important naval base of Italy was in Jersey, and we happened to possess Brest. Should we feel any doubt about our capacity to destroy it, or at any rate render it untenable by an Italian battle squadron? I can scarcely think so.

With Malta untenable the Fleet would presumably retire on Egypt, as it did at the time of the war scare three years ago. Here it would be at the mercy, not so much of the Italian air force, although Tobruk and Rhodes are only a few hours away, as of an invasion of Egypt from Libya. Driven from Alexandria and Port Said, the next move would be to Haifa, where as yet only a beginning has been made with a naval base, and ships of deep draught have to lie in the open bay of Acre. But Palestine is only a step, to be exact a night's journey, from Egypt, so a prolonged sojourn there by the British Fleet would probably be inadvisable. We would, of course, hope to find allies, such as Greece and Turkey, who at the height of the Abyssinian crisis, it will be remembered, offered us their harbours. But such assistance is not to be counted on in war, especially if there is a likelihood, as there certainly would be in the Mediterranean, of its initial stage going against Britain. The small nations, like God, are on the side of the big battalions. In this respect the efforts exerted by Italian diplomacy to break up the front created by the mutual assistance pacts of September, 1935, are significant—though they may not have been wholly successful.

The interests which oppose the strategy of Britain and Italy in the Mediterranean find a counterpart in the Red Sea. For Italy the Red Sea is primarily a prolongation of the life-line connecting the mother country with the Empire. Her object is to keep it open for Italian transports, which includes preventing an enemy from establishing a blockade at the southern entrance to the Suez Canal. (As an alternative to controlling or "accidentally" blocking the Canal—blockade off Suez is, of course, the obvious tactics). With this object in view she has recently taken steps designed to impede a British naval concentration in the Red Sea. At Assab, near the southernmost

limit of Eritrea, the foundations have been laid of what it officially announced in Rome as the "greatest naval base in the Empire." She has also fortified the neighbouring island of Dumeirah, ceded by M. Laval as part of the Rome agreement of January, 1935. Through her friendship with the Imam of Yemen she hopes to counter-balance the British possession of Aden and the friendships existing between Britain and Saudi Arabia. The island of Sheik Said, at present under the nominal sovereignty of the Yemen, is another point on which Italian strategists have their eyes, as it commands the bottle neck of the Bab-el-Mandeb.

Enough has been said to show to what extent Italian strategy is dominated by the presumption of a hostile Britain, and *vice versa*. Italian political activity during the last three years would seem to start from the same premise. Space forbids me from discussing this aspect of the problem, but it is sufficient to mention the anti-British propaganda in Egypt, and Palestine; the encouragement given to the Pan-Arab and Pan-Islamic movements, with the obvious purpose of embarrassing the British and French Governments and weakening their position strategically in Africa and the Near East; the activities of Italian agents in Arabia; and finally the fascistization of the big Italian communities in Egypt and Tunisia.

I have indicated the difficulty of deciding where the legitimate desire of Italy to secure her Empire and her communication becomes a danger to other Powers, and it is just possible that all her preparations are inspired uniquely by fear. In this case the agreement with England may produce a complete change. But until the change has happened one is justified in being sceptical of its permanence.

SAHIBS AT SEA: *The Nemesis of Baldwinism*

By R. H. S. Crossman

WHEN the historian of the future seeks to analyse the breakdown of the Versailles peace-system, he will be struck by two things, first that the three Powers which broke it down in the Pacific, in the Mediterranean and in Central Europe were bankrupt States which could not face a war, and secondly that Great Britain, whose interests were jeopardized in all three spheres, looked on with a resigned fatalism while her security was undermined. Perhaps our future historian will be able to see more clearly than we can the reasons for this strange paradox, but, however much his researches into our secret documents disclose, I fancy there will always remain a sense of sheer bewilderment at the paralysis which overtook British statesmanship between 1931 and 1938. However many reasons we find, nothing will completely explain the fact that a great Imperial nation permitted the map of the world to be rolled up by three braggart militarist *régimes*, none of which could, in the early years of the process, face even a short war with any chance of success.

There will, of course, be theorists ready to account for it in terms of the inevitable process of economic development or the inevitable process of racial decay. Nazi and Marxist pseudo-science have already pronounced their diagnoses. But in this particular problem they are both singularly unconvincing. There is no evidence either that British monopoly capitalism will benefit by Fascist leadership in Europe, or that the British people have been suddenly smitten with a virus of Jewish degeneracy. Perhaps the objective student would be wise to neglect such large generalizations, and study the psychology of Great Britain, and in particular of our ruling class. This at least may offer a partial explanation.

In the first place, it should be made clear that the attempt

to throw the blame on " public opinion " is both cowardly and unconvincing. In so far as the nation has been permitted to know the truth (and we have generally only been let into the secret when it was too late to do more than protest) it has reacted with courage and determination. Public opinion has been divided, and, as usual, the majority in all strata of the population have been ignorant and unmoved. But from 1931 on there has always been a vast reserve of enlightened idealism to which any Government with a progressive policy could appeal with confidence. A Government prepared to save Abyssinia or Austria or Spain could have aroused a passion of loyalty unknown since 1914. To talk of " pacifism " as hamstringing our foreign policy is ridiculous : the contrary is true. We have been suffering from a leadership so pusillanimous that it has permitted the idealism of the people to turn to pacifism in sheer desperation. It is the failure of leadership which we must analyse, not the failure of the people themselves.

When we turn to this aspect, we find that one immediate cause of this failure is the character of the National Government itself. Foreign policy is often conditioned by internal factors, and the foreign policy of the National Government is no exception. Brought into being to face a domestic crisis, it owed its victories both in 1931 and in 1935 to a mass of non-Conservative voters. These voters had to be considered, and the Peace Ballot showed that they would not swallow a normal Conservative foreign policy ; the Government, on the other hand, was too divided to conduct foreign affairs on a strict L.N.U. line. As a result this country floundered into a policy which was loyal neither to imperial interests according to the Conservative tradition, nor to the League interests according to the L.N.U. ideals. Attempting to reconcile two opposing philosophies, it fell into a " pacifism " which destroyed both. A compromise which may have been desirable in home affairs was fatal in relation to foreign affairs. And it was continued year after year for purely electoral reasons, until, the League having been destroyed, it was virtually impossible to return to the old-fashioned Conservative policy which Mr. Chamberlain desires.

But the exigencies of electoral tactics, even when they are admitted with such disarming frankness as Earl Baldwin

allowed himself, will not wholly explain the readiness of the National Government to jeopardize our national interests in the name of peace. The politician is not such a rogue as he is painted, and it is unbelievable that Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Anthony Eden were solely moved by such domestic considerations. They must have had some beliefs about international relations which deluded them into their tragic surrender. What those beliefs were it is the object of this essay to discover. I believe they can best be summarized in one phrase, the application of " Baldwinism " to world affairs.

Earl Baldwin is perhaps the most important and the most tragic figure of post-war politics. More deeply than any statesman since Disraeli he has permeated his party with his own peculiar personality. Under his influence in home affairs that party ceased to be a fighting party, determined to support business interests against the demands of organized Labour, and became a vehicle of compromise and reconciliation. Earl Baldwin was never a real Conservative. Moved by deep and simple instincts of peace and harmony, distrustful of first principles, detesting conflict, he was the incarnation of that vast mass of non-party unpolitical voters who decide British elections. They trusted him, precisely because he had no clear principles or policy, because he, like them, believed that most people were fundamentally decent, that sudden change was abhorrent, and that revolution was always Red. The close collaboration between him and Ramsay MacDonald was profoundly natural because both men had a passionate belief in the inevitability of progress, the avoidability of revolution, and the danger of " theory." While they were both electoral assets, they were both to undermine the fighting traditions of the parties which they served. Labour experienced the effects in in 1931 on the home front. Conservatism is feeling it to-day in foreign affairs.

There is no doubt that such men are an essential part of the British tradition. The finest heritage of our democracy is its non-political character, its noblest quality, that it is based upon the moral sense of a nation which by refusing to think in terms of class-war, produces an atmosphere in which the conflict of classes can be softened into the ways of peaceful

change. One of the virtues of British political life is its ability to break the serried ranks of party and class and to produce a leadership *more humane than the interests they represent.* There is no doubt that Earl Baldwin contributed more than any living man to this process.

This humanizing of political life has two dangers. In domestic affairs, it may degenerate into a protection of the vested interests of both rich and poor, and the gradual obliteration of that social dynamic without which democracy lapses into a subservience to the *status quo.* If democrats should sometimes sacrifice principle to humanity, they should also be filled with a savage indignation at injustice, graft and oppression. Mere kindliness can temper conflict, but it can also kill progress. But it is in its transference to foreign affairs that its full dangers become apparent. Consider for instance Mr. Baldwin's famous speech on peace in industry :

> " Suspicion which has prevented stability in Europe is the one poison that is preventing stability at home, and we offer the country to-day, this : we at any rate are not going to fire the first shot. We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere for a new age, in which the people can come together. We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles. But we believe we know what at this moment the country wants, and we believe it is for us in our strength to do what no other party can do at this moment and to say that we at any rate stand for peace."

" We may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles." Long before the conquest of Abyssinia, or non-intervention in Spain, Mr. Baldwin was using language and expressing sentiments of a very similar nature in his conduct of domestic affairs. Transfer this speech into the international sphere, and you have the policy of the National Government. A will to peace may have been justifiable for the victors of the General Strike, especially when we remember that this speech was delivered in a debate on the Trades Dispute Act ; mercy to the smashed Trades Unions, even when it is phrased in such sentimental terms, has a certain magnanimity. But this magnanimity seems a trifle strained when we hear the self-same language used to the dictators busily engaged in smashing the democracies. For the last five years Baldwinesque pacifism, which melted the hearts of

British working men—once they had been broken in the Strike—has been employed to melt the hearts of brutal conquerors who have never known defeat. Captivated by its domestic success in charming away the dangers of Communism by appeals for peace in industry, Conservatism has tried to achieve peace with the dictators by the self-same means.

No one can deny the success of Baldwinism in home affairs, nor its appeal to the mass of the electorate, which is still suspicious of party politics. A leader who, denouncing parties and clear-cut principles, relied on his sense of decency to solve all problems was bound to be popular, so long as there were no problems to solve which needed principles and hard thinking. England got through the slump (and the abdication) under Baldwin's leadership. The Government confined itself to the job of " restoring confidence," and did it extremely well. For the best way to restore confidence is to *do* nothing and say soothing things.

But alas! elsewhere in Europe the slump was surmounted by very different methods. In Germany Hitler had come to power, in Italy Mussolini was preparing to invade Abyssinia. In both these cases the slump had loosed a new force not concerned to " restore " confidence but to break the domination of the creditor nations. Fascist imperialism is the organized resistance of desperate peoples to that *status quo* which Baldwinism was so successfully maintaining in England.

Unfortunately for Mr. Chamberlain, Mussolini is not another Walter Citrine, nor did Lord Halifax find in Berlin a Mahatma with whom he could converse in terms of philosophical religion. The kindly disposition, the humanity and courtesy of British statesmanship, strike no chord in the hearts of the Fascist dictators. Unlike the British working man and the Indian mystic, they are fanatical revolutionaries, and regard such appeals as examples of the perfidious and hypocritical statesmanship for which this country is renowned.

The " Fascist " dictators belong to a species of which British statesmen have small experience and no understanding. Our ruling class has been brought up either to administer justice to " lesser breeds without the law," or to compromise with the demands of a labour movement which is humane and contented

and as respectful of tradition as the bluest reactionary. With a deep certainty of racial superiority, it has in its colonial policy mixed condescension with the use of iron force. It has identified government with administration, and opposition with Red revolution. The Englishman in India is a member of a ruling class as divinely appointed as Hitler's Aryan race to crush the Bolshies. It is chiefly in home affairs that that ruling class has developed the Baldwinian method. Here, unlike the Prussian bureaucracy, it has not imposed order on the subject masses, but educated the British worker to collaborate in the maintenance of order, and the suppression of Red revolution. The ruler of the Punjab when he retires to lcoal politics at home ceases to be a divine administrator and must bow—often unsuccessfully—to a tradition of concession and muddle-through. In one thing only he finds a link between England and India, in the common horror of Red revolution.

What attitude, however, should Britain adopt to people who are neither " lesser breeds " under our Imperial care nor British voters imbued with the spirit of pacific compromise ? Our treatment of Southern Ireland indicated long ago how lamentably British statesmanship had failed to see that these two categories did not include the whole world. By alternating imperial administration and kindly compromise we landed ourselves in Civil War. Failing to see that Irish leaders were neither Indian agitators nor British Labour leaders, we created the Irish problem. In precisely the same way we have created the Fascist menace. Here, too, we have wobbled between the belief that Hitler and Mussolini were just contemptible agitators, and the belief that they were gentlemen like ourselves. In fact they are neither, and to treat them as though they were both at once does not mend matters.

The Fascist dictators are anti-communist revolutionaries. Feeling neither respect nor solidarity with 'the powers that be,' they preach an imperialism which is creating, as our own Tudor adventures created, a new tradition contemptuous of its older rivals. They cannot be coddled into confidence, nor can they be humbled by the lordly reproofs of " the old gang." They just are not sensible business men, indeed their power over the masses is largely due to their intolerance of " capitalist "

morality and "capitalist" business methods. They represent the revolutionary dynamic of the middle classes and in particular of the youth which was being strangled by the polite hegemony of the Versailles Powers.

This revolutionary force of Fascism is as unintelligible to British as it was to German business men. The ruling classes in both countries assume that revolution can only be Red, and have thus identified it with Communism—which ceased to be a revolutionary force some fifteen years ago. German conservatives assumed that, because Hitler was anti-Communist, he must be willing to be their henchman. They could not grasp that he was using the Communist myth in order to pursuade them to allow him to capture power. Thus Conservative and Communist agreed in describing Hitler as a pawn of heavy industry, a nickname which he delighted to adopt since it enabled him to crush democracy, which was always his real foe, without any resistance from either the Conservative or the Communist side.

The lesson of Hitler and Mussolini's rise to power is writ clear for all to read : the methods they used internally are now being used by them in foreign affairs. Nothing is changed. Once again they woo those who profit by the *status quo*, once again they offer them their defence against the Red Peril, and once again they use them for the destruction, not of Communism, but of that freedom which is the only defence of England and France against Fascist imperialism. But apparently the lesson is never learnt. Mr. Chamberlain speaking on the 24th of March, said :

> "His Majesty's Government place full reliance upon the intention of the Italian Government to make good their assurances. They believe that, with the spirit of mutual confidence, in which both Governments are addressing themselves to the task, it will be possible through these conversations to reach complete agreement."

"The spirit of mutual confidence"! How often was the phrase used by Hugenberg and Schleicher and Von Papen in those far-off days when German Conservatism believed that it could tame Hitler and bring him into line ? There is something ludicrous in the air of cultured kindliness with which the British Government pays what blackmail extorts and honestly believes that it is negotiating a deal. Imagine a nice, elderly

gentleman who finds that a pair of sharpers has been taken into the business and is quietly blackmailing his partners. The elderly gentleman for a long time refuses to recognize their existence. "After all," he says, "that simply doesn't happen here." Then he begins to get really scared, and gradually, as the sharpers show signs of turning their attention to him, he begins to see some good in them. 'What they are asking is not blackmail, but the very legitimate demands of ill-used gentlemen. They are young vital fellows and will grow up decent if you give them a chance, and they assure me that my partners really are abominably corrupt.' He begins to realize that he needs protection from his old friends and that these two young men are really justified in pressing them for money. And finally, he finds himself vigorously denying that they are blackmailers at all, and shrugs his shoulders sadly as his partners commit suicide *seriatim*.

Is that a fantastic analogy? I believe that the historian of the future will perceive more clearly than we can to-day the astonishing failure of British statesmanship to face up to the revolutionary dynamic of Fascism. Blinded by their Red prejudice, they fail to see the Brown peril, and assume that, since the Fascists are not Communists, their demands must be legitimate and can be settled by conference. Our post-War security depended on the active independence of those peoples, including the Germans, who had been freed by Versailles. In the Mediterranean, as ever, it was bound up with the independence and friendliness of Spain. "Baldwinism" has permitted those peoples to be enslaved, and is now cooing sweet nothings to their tyrants in the futile belief that he who wears a collar must either be a gentleman or wish to rise to that superior station. Like all true tragedies, ours has its comic side. Shall we really face defeat, because our rulers failed to perceive that revolutionary shirts are of more than one colour?

BRITISH BROADCASTING AND ITS RÔLE

By Edward Liveing

A BROADCASTING system, such as the British which operates a monopoly of the "air," inevitably faces the most critical scrutiny from all sides. In the political sphere it is liable to accusations, often quite irrational and based on the slenderest evidence, of being "rightist" or "leftist" in its news bulletins and talks. Steering clear so far as possible, as it has done at certain periods, of controversial issues in wireless debates and discussions, it has been attacked contrariwise in Parliament and elsewhere for timidity. Indeed, there are very few programmes or talks which will not provoke controversy in some section or other of a listening public which, if four listeners are rated to every licence, is nearly 35,000,000 strong. A programme about hunting brings down coals of fire from societies concerned with the protection of animals; a talk on wine results in a clamour on the part of teetotalers; the innocent broadcasting of a dance tune such as "eat more fruit" evokes accusations from sections of the food-purveying trades interested in selling other commodities.

Moreover, the B.B.C. has to maintain a dual *rôle*, which imposes inevitable compromises upon it. Its primary duties are to its vast listening public; yet it cannot, as a public body possessing the privilege of a monopoly, fail to neglect the claims upon it of national and local organizations of many different types. From the financial and programme angles, its problems in its contact with the world of art and entertainment are particularly difficult. These are especially apparent, for instance, in the sphere of music, where it has come in some degree to assume the position of a patron, as well as that of a purveyor of programme material for its listeners. It is doubtful if many of our best orchestral and choral societies in London and the provinces would have survived the years of depression

round about 1931 except for considerable fees from the B.B.C. It is true that these subsidies have been given in return for broadcasting facilities. It is equally true, however, that so many orchestral resources are not vital to the B.B.C. or its ordinary listeners. Often during the winter season there is a plethora of concerts on which the programme-builders have to draw, with the danger of overloading wave-lengths with symphonic music, to the detriment of other features, or of uneconomic duplication of programmes.

How far in such circumstances can the claims of patronage take precedence of the claims of the listener? Compromises have to be arranged. The fact remains that the B.B.C. helps to support societies (among others) such as the Royal Philharmonic, the Hallé, the Reid Symphony Orchestra, the Choral & Orchestral Union of Glasgow, the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the Northern Philharmonic Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Orchestra, and the Belfast Philharmonic Society. It lends support to the best of our choral societies and co-operates with the leading British musical festivals. It has rescued the London Promenade Concerts from extinction and has promoted a London Music Festival. But, moreover, it gives permanent annual employment in its Symphony Orchestra, and its other orchestras in London and the regions, to about 400 musicians. The B.B.C. could, in fact provide with its own orchestras practically the whole of the symphonic music needed in its programmes if all the other orchestral organizations in the country went out of existence tomorrow. Here, then, is a specific case where the B.B.C. may have slightly favoured the claims of patronage. It has pursued a more than justifiable course as a public body. Whether the course taken has been in the best interests of the main bulk of listeners is another question. Yet, by and large, and taking the point of view that, unless the musical profession is supported and encouraged by a powerful national body such as this, it will deteriorate, and the future supply of musicians will be endangered, it is a course which can even be justified at the listening end. For the standard of cinema orchestras, dance bands, and variety performances would be eventually affected if the country's higher-class

orchestral players, constituting in themselves a body of professional tradition and teaching, were to die out.

Many of the earlier controversies and suspicions have faded away. In its religious activities, the B.B.C. is now generally accepted as a helpmate rather than an enemy. Local educational authorities, who in the early days regarded the school broadcasts either as valueless or as unnecessarily interfering with schools' curricula, look upon them now as a useful supplement, with the result that at the end of 1937 nearly 7,800 British schools had been installed with listening sets. The entertainment and gramophone industries have not suffered, as they expected, from the incursions of this new rival. And, in general, the newspaper industry is more, rather than less, prosperous.

The listening public itself has changed almost beyond recognition since the days of 1922. It has passed from the stage of home-made sets, when wireless was an amusing novelty, through the phase of super-intense listening and unconstructive criticism, to a more intelligent, restrained and selective use of the widely varying fare provided.

In general, the B.B.C. has more than weathered the storms of the past years. It has reached port as an accepted British institution. The advantages of monopoly, so far as this country is concerned, have been proved to outweigh the advantages of disseminated effort. The British programme service may lack some of the quick tempo, the *joie de vivre* and spontaneous gusto of American broadcasting. In this, however, it probably expresses our national temperament more faithfully than its critics. The spur of competition behind the American system finds its counterpart in the British in the spur of public scrutiny. Most important, too, is the fact that the British listener can receive programmes absolutely free of advertisement interest, and entirely uncoloured by the prejudices and propaganda of rival newspaper owners and ideological institutions. In the British system there has been a continuity of control, leadership and tradition, and thus a steady development of a set policy and programme technique. In the matter of programme technique, especially, the B.B.C. has led the field in the evolution of what might be described as essentially

radiogenic art-forms—radio drama, feature programmes and recorded events.

At the end of 1937 the record of progress was sufficiently impressive. The number of wireless licences stood at 8,479,600 —a figure slightly surpassed in the aggregate by Germany alone with a population exceeding ours by 20 millions. The Empire service had completed its fifth year of operation and was transmitting at the rate of about eighteen hours a day, three new transmitters having recently been installed at Daventry. With the separation during the year of the regional services for Wales and the West of England and the establishment of new transmitters in North Wales and the North East of England, there were few districts in the whole country where listeners could not receive two alternative B.B.C. programmes at full strength on the simplest of sets. And the London television service, operating from Alexandra Palace, remained, at the end of the year, the only public service of television in the world to reach viewers in their own homes.

We in this country can, therefore, take a justifiable pride in the evolution of our broadcasting system and its achievements. But it is as well to remember that every stage in the development of this new world-force of wireless telephony is not unlike the drawing back of

> "Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in færy lands forlorn."

There are, in fact, some extremely serious problems facing the B.B.C., as also the broadcasting organizations of other countries, at the present moment. These problems include financial, technical and international questions.

The B.B.C.'s annual report issued in February, and a supplementary estimate presented to Parliament on February 23rd providing for additional income for broadcasting in the year ending March 31st, 1938, may have come in the nature of a shock to members of the public who regard the B.B.C. as a wealthy undertaking. At first sight it might be thought that its licence income in 1937, £2,875,044, was a substantial enough figure. Added to this was a net revenue from its publications amounting to £480,527, and a small sum of £503 accruing from interest on bank deposit and current accounts.

So that in all it had £3,356,074 with which to maintain and develop its service in 1937.

But to imagine that this sum, large enough as it may seem on paper, is sufficient to give the B.B.C. even a small margin of financial safety, is to ignore present and future realities. In the first place, the corporation was never endowed with capital at the outset of its existence. Reserves have had to be built up out of current revenue from year to year, and have been heavily taxed with the rapid growth of the service. In addition to its "home" service, the B.B.C. has created a service for listeners throughout the Empire, with a special department to this end, a permanent orchestra and six transmitters. During the past two years it has established more than the beginnings of a Television service. And more recently still it has been called upon to provide services in foreign languages.

"To meet these commitments, either entered into or looming in the near future," as the B.B.C.'s official journal, *The Listener* has pointed out, "the B.B.C. has no reserve funds, those set aside for depreciation having had to be used for the acquisition of new assets. Of its income for 1937, over 51 per cent., or £1,729,615 was expended on programmes—an increase of nearly £400,000, a considerable part of which was due to increased rates payable to the Performing Right Society. Nearly 18 per cent. of the remainder, or approximately £600,000, was spent on engineering. The balance of net revenue, after these and other necessary expenses had been met, was only £150,295. This, together with unappropriated net revenue brought forward from 1936, allowed for the transference to Capital Account of only £200,000—an appropriation insufficient even to cover the year's expenditure. No reserve funds were available, at the end of 1937, for new capital expenditure, or even for replacements."

A quotation from the new annual report is equally significant: "It has been impossible hitherto to build up any reserve funds in liquid form. It is essential to do so while income is still increasing; otherwise the Corporation will be forced ultimately to divert to capital purposes substantial sums required for expenditure on programmes, etc., thus lowering the standard of service."

In the light of these statements, it should cause no surprise that the supplementary estimate has provided for a further £360,000 in the year ending March 31st, of which the major portion, £310,000, has been ear-marked for Television and Foreign Language Broadcasts. Indeed, the question which anyone, who has been as closely associated with the development and administration of broadcasting as the present writer, cannot fail to ask himself is " Will the B.B.C. be able to carry on its present activities and added burdens after this year unless the total revenue from listeners' licences is more than absorbed? "

To answer this question a brief survey of some of the major issues involved is necessary.

The origins of the " Empire " service go back to 1926 when it attempted to interest the Government in the possibilities of short-wave broadcasting. Permission was obtained to undertake experiments from Chelmsford, which showed what might be done with proper apparatus. No financial support was forthcoming from the British authorities, or from any of the Dominions or Colonies. The Colonial Office Conference of 1930 enthusiastically approved the idea of an Empire Service put before it by the B.B.C. But the Colonies never saw their way to voting any funds. It was left to the B.B.C., seeing the serious issues involved in the use of short-waves for long-distance broadcasting by other European countries, to start a service in December, 1932, out of its own income—in other words a service financed from the licence revenue of the home country. The B.B.C. was amply justified, from an imperial point of view, in the light of subsequent events. The lack of financial support by the Dominions and Colonies is, in the writer's opinion, regrettable, and the fact remains that even to-day the British listener continues to foot the bill of what is an invaluable service on the grounds of a cultural " link-up " of the whole British Empire. No official figures are available of the costs of Empire Broadcasting. In any case they would be difficult to assess, because a considerable proportion of them would be covered in the B.B.C.'s " overhead expenses," and much of the service consists of an " overflow " of the home programmes.

But, apart altogether from the annual programme and engineering costs, the capital expenditure since 1932 at

Daventry with its present six transmitters could not, one imagines, be far short of £500,000.

Here, surely, is a matter that gives food for thought. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that this linking-up of imperial interests through the air should have been left in the hands of an agency thoroughly competent to deal with it technically and with programme experience rather than to a Government department. But it is one of the typical characteristics of the British method of "muddling along" that, while various European States are heavily subsidizing short-wave broadcasting to overseas listeners, not a single Government in the Empire has helped to finance a scheme so vitally important to collective imperial interests.

On the question of foreign language broadcasts, there is considerable misunderstanding. This is not surprising, for the subject is complicated by a somewhat bewildering array of national, linguistic and technical factors. For some long time past certain countries have been broadcasting in more than one language owing to the mixed linguistic composition of their own populations. In more recent years advantage has been taken of the short-wave-length channels, with their particular facilities for long-distance communications, to transmit programmes from the countries of origin to their nationals abroad, and in some cases nationals who no longer speak the parent language. Only in one or two isolated services has malevolent propaganda against other countries been transmitted. The main bulk of short-wave broadcasting by European countries consists either of projecting a picture of the life and culture of the home-country through normal programmes, talks and news bulletins, or of more direct, but not necessarily malevolent, propaganda. It is, of course, difficult to draw the line between where propaganda begins and ends. But there is a world of difference between the English programmes of the B.B.C.'s Empire service, and those, for instance, of certain countries which have been recently aiming their short-wave broadcasts in languages not their own at the South American continent.

Challenges of this kind have now had to be taken up by this country, since British interests, commercial and otherwise, ran

the danger of being undermined. As announced in the House of Commons on November 1st, 1937, the B.B.C. has undertaken to provide a service of broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese to listeners in South and Central America, and another in Arabic to the Near East. The broadcasts in Arabic were started in January, and arrangements have since materialized for those in Spanish and Portuguese. It may seem a regrettable fact that we have had to resort to these methods. But it can at least be said that the policy behind the British language broadcasts is to give the truth, and truth for a comparatively prosperous and happy community such as ours is not too hard to give. A fact that is more disturbing is that a new department to cover these activities has had to be created and that two additional short-wave transmitters are necessary—costs which again will come out of the British listeners' licence money, even though they will be defrayed by some of the 25 per cent. hitherto withheld by the Treasury.

There is not space here to deal fully with the complicated situation now arising from the rapidly increasing use of the short wave-lengths, with which broadcasting in foreign languages is inevitably bound up. Though specific short-wave bands were allotted for broadcasting by the Washington Radio Conference in 1927, there has been no international restriction of the number of stations or wave-lengths used, provided they are within these bands. The position is becoming rapidly chaotic as more and more short-wave stations are put into operation by additional countries. One can only hope that some satisfactory solution of this "air-warfare" will result from the International Telecommunications Conference, held in Cairo during February of this year.

* * * * *

The B.B.C.'s television station at Alexandra Palace was opened in November, 1936. Eighteen months of day-to-day service have given this country a lead unchallenged by any other country in the world. Much valuable experience has been gained. But those most closely associated with the service would be the first to agree that horizons ahead are immense, vague and unchartable.

This combination of visual and audible broadcasting completely revolutionizes process and practice. A new field of science has had to be investigated ; a new art is materializing and maturing. The change-over is fraught with every conceivable problem—psychological, technical, financial and artistic. For a number of years we shall have to undergo the experience of moving from an accepted state of affairs to one totally different. At the receiving end itself a listening public will gradually have to wean itself into a viewing public. The present cost of television sets is prohibitive for most classes, though manufacturers estimate the number sold somewhere round about 5,000—a fairly high figure in view of current prices and the fact that the service is localized so far to one area only. Moreover, the public will have to accustom itself to very different habits of receiving programmes. The same amount of concentration is needed for televiewing as for watching a play or a film. In particular, the listener who has become accustomed to using his wireless as a pleasant background to reading a book or playing a game of bridge will find it difficult, but none the less necessary, to drop this habit.

To anyone such as the writer, who has paid several visits to the station at Alexandra Palace since the early days after its opening, the progress made in technical methods and programme production has been quite astonishing. After the early period of experimentation with more than one type of transmission there has been concentration on one set of standards only, at the recommendation of the Television Advisory Committee. For these " London Television Standards " announced by the Postmaster-General on February 5th, 1937, Marconi—E.M.I. apparatus is used and, from what the writer has seen of recent television, it gives remarkably faithful picture-reproduction of studio programmes, news-films, and outside broadcasts. Great advances have been made recently, and from the time of the successful televising of the Coronation, in this last type of programme-activity, especially.

But many obstacles stand in the way of rapid development. Plant and apparatus are costly. The more complicated programme technique, as compared with the ordinary radio play, for instance, is easily apparent to anyone who has watched

plays being produced in television studios. Indeed, the production of a play for television is not unlike the shooting of a film ; the paraphernalia are very similar ; the effort involved on the part of actors, producer, camera and sound specialists more severe, since there can be no retaking of scenes once rehearsals are over and the studio is " on the air." Again, the purchase and operating costs of the new mobile transmitting units used for outside broadcasts are serious factors in the development of this side of the service. Short-wave television transmitters have at present an effective range not exceeding much more than thirty miles. It may be that this range will be extended as the result of research. But large extensions of effective radius cannot be expected to be made in the early future. This fact leads to a conclusion that, when a wider distribution of the service is undertaken, a greater number of stations will be needed than those at present used for sound broadcasting. Moreover, the linking-up of these stations for simultaneous broadcasting—and this would appear vital in the light of production costs—will entail the use of special cables costly to lay and instal. A rough estimate would be £1,000 a mile, so that rental charges by the Post Office to the B.B.C. cannot fail to be high.

In general, the evolution of television opens up the most fascinating new possibilities of bringing the world into the receiver's home. But we shall only be deceiving ourselves if we imagine that this new medium can be exploited rapidly, with all the technical, financial and artistic difficulties involved.

For some years we must expect sound broadcasting to continue as the normal service while television grows slowly to maturity alongside it. This fact compels attention to the quotation from the B.B.C.'s annual report given earlier in this article. If the B.B.C.'s existing services are to be maintained, qualitatively and quantitatively, in addition to the new burdens which it is now shouldering, it would seem that not only the whole of the income from listeners' licences will have to be drawn upon (income is nearing the saturation point), but that additional financial support will have to be found. In the writer's opinion there are several possible sources :

(a) The release of the B.B.C. from Income Tax. It is noteworthy that provision for this in the revenue account for 1937 is £174,000.

(b) The provision of a special grant to the B.B.C. for the Empire Service. It would be inequitable that such a grant should come from the Home Government only. It would at any rate seem worth while that some exploration should be set on foot between the Home Government and the Governments of the Dominions and Colonies with a view to a partial defrayal of the costs of what is an invaluable service to all concerned.

(c) Provision of extra revenue from the taxation of British advertisers' money at present leaving this country in payment for "sponsored" programmes transmitted through continental stations. A trade paper recently estimated this at £1,000,000 yearly.

One thing is certain. It would be a national misfortune if either the B.B.C.'s existing services were impaired or the British listener was required to pay a higher licence fee.

Ariel's blithe spirit cannot completely escape its earthly bonds; wings flutter in the air, and flight is burdened by considerations of hard cash and the friction of mankind's relationships.

THE SITE VALUE SCANDAL

By Richard Acland, M.P.

TO-DAY, everyone outside the Cabinet is talking about carefully prepared schemes of public works to be put in hand as soon as the slump appears. But is it really worth while to launch into a large-scale public works programme until we have first solved the far more important site-value problem ?

Since the war we have spent probably hundreds of millions of pounds on new arterial roads. We paid full value for the land taken over. We knew that our expenditure must inevitably and automatically send up the value of the adjoining land from £300 to perhaps as much as £1,500 per acre ; and yet, with our eyes wide open, we have allowed these values to fall into the hands of the landowners who sold their sites to speculative builders who turned our by-passes into ribbon-developed death traps. On the figure quoted above, and assuming the increase in value extends to an average depth of 150 yards from the road, we have deliberately thrown away £120,000 per mile of by-pass. And this is only one aspect of the site value scandal.

It is tempting to wish that we could go back to the year 1900 and follow the example of Stockholm and Copenhagen by buying up at almost negligible cost vast areas now covered by extending suburbs. But it is too late now. The opportunity has gone for ever. Indeed, in so far as we have allowed land to be bought and sold on the understanding that a certain site value is attached to it, we cannot now confiscate their property from those who have legitimately bought on the faith of that understanding.

But we can say, " thus far and no further." While we cannot prevent an owner from enjoying, if he can realize it, the site value which may now be attached to his land, surely, in principle,

we have the right to say that " as from the appointed day," any increased site value shall become the property of the State.

If, then, we hope to reserve to the State any site value created after the appointed day we must make a valuation of the land upon the appointed day. It is upon this rock of valuation, with its attendant shoal of official valuers, that previous schemes have been partly wrecked.

The simple way out of the difficulty would seem to be to allow the owner to value his own land, subject to two safeguards. In order that he should not value his land too low, the State should reserve the right to purchase the land at his valuation. That he should not value too high, there should be imposed upon it a small, but sensible, rate or tax.

All the powers of vested interest and of land speculation will cry out against these two safeguards, but against such outcry these answers may be given. If a man claims that he possesses an asset which has some presumably realizable value, is there any reason why he should not make some contribution to the national or local exchequer based upon the capital value of the asset that he claims to possess? If a man fairly and openly values his land at a certain figure, can he reasonably make out any claim to be compensated on any higher value when his land is required for purposes of state ?

Upon the general principle, a large number of adjustments would no doubt have to be made. There would be objection against imposing burdens on agricultural land, and to meet it, an agricultural value would have to be fixed, either nationally or locally, and land would be exempted from the tax or rate to the extent of this value. Further it would seem to be necessary to allow owners to alter the declared value of their land either upwards or downwards by, say, 5% in any year. Any owner who could show that the State had done some positive act, such as the erection of an incinerator next door, which reduced the value of his land, must be allowed to reduce his declared value by a reasonable amount, and to receive appropriate compensation. And any owner who can show that he himself has done something, such as the building of a private road, to increase the value of his land, must be allowed to increase appropriately his declared valuation.

But, when all the adjustments had been made, if the general principle remained intact, national and local authorities would find themselves possessed of a liberty to work out their own destinies in a coherent way which is certainly denied to them at the present time.

No longer would they find that all the available land jumped up in price against them with the announcement of a new housing drive. No longer would they find that all their improvements and developments of 1930 served no other purpose than to push up the price of the land they required for their developments of 1940 or 1945. These are not imaginary or negligible evils. I have met a man whom I believed to be a stalwart and typical member of the " old school tie " brigade who had worked in the land acquisition department of one of the home counties. " Six months in that office," he said, " would make any man a socialist."

Local and national authorities would find that they had a completely new power of planning development. It is rather pathetic that the Government, through its mastery of the art of seeming to do everything when in fact it is doing nothing, has persuaded thousands of our people that something really effective in the way of planning has been done. It is true that something has been done. But the total effect of the Ribbon Development Act is to compel the owner to put in a service road parallel to the by-pass, and to deprive him of 70 yards of his depth. The most important power conferred by the Town and Country Planning Act would seem to be the power—subject to the owners' claim to compensation—to restrict his building, in the most beautiful sites, to one house per ten acres. One house per ten acres means houses on an average slightly over 200 yards apart, a density fully capable of destroying the average beauty spot.

Under the policy here suggested, the planning authority, without cost, is put into an infinitely stronger position. Upon the appointed day the Chairman will find himself in possession of a complete site value map of his area, and he will know that, whatever he may do, and whenever he may require the land, the price he will have to pay will be in accordance with his map, subject to such 5% annual variations as the owners may choose to make.

He can now build his by-pass or his housing scheme knowing what price he will have to pay for the land. Within a few years he ought to be in a position to knock a shilling or so off the rents of his new council houses by getting his land cheaper. When he builds his new roads, he can acquire at reasonable prices sufficient land adjoining to enable him to plan his lay-out on a scale which will not destroy the transport value of the new roads he has made.

But that is not all. In the first years, the new policy will not have any very striking effects upon the destruction of beauty by speculative builders. This habit of builders could only be stopped if the nation were prepared to buy up the whole of its beauty forthwith—a desirable, but a too expensive policy. Under the policy here proposed no new restriction will be imposed upon owners who choose to develop their property up to their declared valuation. Yes, up to the declared valuation, but not beyond it. For all sales of land will have to be registered, and in each case an appropriate amount will have to be recorded as due to site value. Once the owner has sold sites to the total value of his original declaration (plus such 5% increases as he may have made), it is clear that he will have received in fact all the site value which was attached to his land on the appointed day—and it should be a matter of principle that all site value created thereafter shall belong to the state. Therefore once the owner has " used up " his declared site value, he can be prevented from destroying beauty spots, or from turning main roads into death-traps, or he can be allowed to develop his land upon such terms as to payment of site value to the State as may seem reasonable.

The connection between site value policy and the proposal to deal with a slump by means of public works should now be clear, and it is immensely important. The drawback to any scheme of public works is its cost. In times of incipient slump, revenue is contracting in any event, and if it should be that the next slump appears as soon as we cease to borrow for increased armaments, there will be a loud outcry against further borrowing for public works programmes.

That part of the cost of almost any public works proposal which goes in the cost of land would be sensibly reduced under a sound site value policy. But this is only the beginning of the

matter. There are almost no public works which can be imagined, be they the laying out of a park, the provision of new electrical or water supply, the building of roads or bridges or underground railways, or the cutting of wide thoroughfares through slum areas, which do not in some way increase the value of adjoining land. If it becomes possible to bring into the national or local exchequer the values thus created, then the State finds itself possessed of an asset realizable either immediately or in the future, whose value can be set against the cost of the scheme. In some cases the cost of the scheme will be thereby reduced. But in others, a scheme which is to-day held up on account of cost will be turned into a profitable investment. Thus the State has to hand a new power of control over booms and slumps.

Consider, for example, the Charing Cross bridge scheme in relation to its effects upon site values of land within half a mile of its southern end. It is said, and it is probably true, that if the State could have received one half of the increased site value of the land within a quarter of a mile of the route of the Morden Tube, the State could have built that railway and run it free for all time with money in pocket. There must be to-day other directions in which London could build new railways so as to give employment to thousands of men without cost if only the resulting site values could be preserved for the County Council.

The problem becomes even more important in its relation to the impending fall in the population. Our whole system of private enterprise has been built up upon the basis of an expanding population. Now we must face a decline. It is likely to prove harder and harder to keep our machine running if we have to depend on the expenditure of individuals directed to the satisfaction of their own individual wants. To secure full employment we shall be compelled to spend more and more on the fulfilment of corporate wants. If, by some miracle, we are saved from war, if we can hope that at some not too distant time we shall cease to squander our wealth on the means of destruction, we ought to contemplate, by the turn of the present century, a population living in towns of which we shall no longer be ashamed.

We ought to think in terms of universally decent housing

conditions. There should be wide, straight, safe, uncrowded thoroughfares. Residential, shopping and industrial areas should be separated. Parks, playing fields, swimming baths, recreation centres, should be within easy reach of all. Rapid transport should take the townsman direct to the country. All these things ought to be within the bounds of possibility, but only if the State can make itself the master of the land values that it will create.

Twice the progressive parties have attempted, in a rather half-hearted way, to tackle the site-value problem, and twice they have failed. They have created the impression that the whole subject has been shelved, and fanatical single-taxers have persuaded many to treat the subject as a joke. This is a great pity, for there is probably no subject to which the progressive parties might now more profitably set their hands.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT TURNS BLACK

By Willard Price

THE successes of Japan, Italy and Germany under army rule have fired the imagination of Siam. By "Siam" I mean, of course, the ruling group of Siam, not the people. The people are not Siam, politically speaking. For the people have no political consciousness. There is no such thing as public opinion. The Siamese smile and say, "You are probably right." They are tolerant, easy-going, good-natured.

"The cream of the Far East" they have been called by Francis B. Sayres, their former legal adviser. "They have the best manners in the world," says another American, the present financial adviser. Thanks to prolific King Chulalongkorn and the able co-operation of his many wives, one meets Princes at every social gathering—but I was frequently puzzled to guess whether a courtly gentleman speaking to me in perfect English was a Prince or not. For they all act like princes. A charming and gracious people. And with suberb artistic talent, as evidenced in their marvellous *wats* or temples.

But not ready for democracy.

In 1932, Siam thought her salvation lay in democracy. So she demoted her king and called upon her people to govern themselves. But democracy is not something that can spring adult from the head of Jove. It must grow up from puling infancy, slowly and painfully. Siam cannot wait. Therefore she has now adopted the ready remedy of the totalitarian Powers—army rule.

More than half the population cannot read. Newspapers have only a trifling circulation outside of Bangkok. Indeed they would be old long before they got to out-of-town subscribers, for there are but two trains a week. The Government uses radio—but few listen. They would rather tune in to Singapore music than Bangkok propaganda. Besides, receiving sets are

few, because of the expense—all are imported, and the cheapest costs about £5.

The Siamese move about very little, hence local interests predominate. They never did understand the constitution that Luang Pradit gave them in place of their king. The constitution in book form, laid across the top of a vase in order to give it elevation, was sent out to the provinces and was bowed to and fêted by the populace. But when it was all over the authorities discovered to their chagrin that many of the people had misunderstood. They had been told that this was their ruler—and vaguely supposed that the jar contained a sort of genii of their king and that the book was merely something to hold him in!

Thus, democracy has remained but a word in Siam. In the meantime, political fashion has changed. The world mode has turned from democracy to a new kind of autocracy. Now, the Siamese understand autocracy. Their kings were absolute rulers—and good ones. Siam has been fortunate in her kings. The day of absolute monarchy can hardly come back, but there seems to be excellent opportunity for an army dictatorship resting upon public reverence for a semi-sacred monarch, as in Japan. So the child-king is being educated in Switzerland to occupy a rôle new to royalty in Siam, a rôle more of priest than of king. This appears to be no dark scheme of a military clique, but a sincere programme, whether mistaken or no, of men sharply conscious of the four-fold danger threatening Siam. Siam is the only independent nation in the Far East, except Japan. How long will she remain independent? She is not content to leave the answer to this question to Britain, France, Japan and China.

Of the four nations which may mould Siam's future the weakest is perhaps the strongest. The defeated and disorganized Chinese are wielding great power in Siam today. Because they are disorganized in their own land, they are flooding into Siam. Siam tries to limit their number by imposing a truly stupendous head tax, one hundred tikals (about £9), the savings of a Chinese lifetime. But they come in larger numbers than ever; a thousand or fifteen hundred on every ship. Their number has increased six times since 1919. There are now 1,500,000 Chinese in Siam. Chinese born in Siam are Siamese by nationality—but

Chinese by nature. They are frugal and industrious, get the business of the country into their hands, send back their profits to their ancestral village in China or into China's war chests. They are law-abiding. There is nothing against them. Yet the Siamese fear them most—because of their absorptive power.

Siam has a culture which she does not care to see sucked up into the Chinese blotter that has already extracted the juice from so many cultures. The Siamese, in the words of scholarly Prince Bidylankara, are "the elder brothers of the Chinese." They are the ancient Thai people who existed in China before there evolved in the Yellow River valley the people who were to be called Chinese. The latter spread south, threatening to engulf the Thai, who, however, refused them and their new-fangled ways and retired in good order farther south into what is now Siam.

There they permitted Buddhist monks to teach them the culture of India, and combined it happily with their own. They have good reason to be proud of their way of life, of their ability to idle in the arms of Nature without being spoiled by her, of their myriad superb "prangs" or temple towers of inlaid porcelain unequalled anywhere else in the world, of their art and literature, of their unique independence and capacity for ingratiating greedy Powers. They look at the unhappy lot of China, and are apprehensive about the future of a Chinese Siam.

Their second fear is of Japan. Not for the moment, since Japan is fully occupied in China. But they know Japan's capacity for long-term plans. And they cannot fail to note the multiplication of Japanese goodwill missions to Siam. On my ship to Siam was a goodwill delegation of Buddhist priests. They were met at Bangkok by venerable figures in yellow robes—but the Japanese priests were dressed in business suits, thus stressing the modernity of their country, and their leader, who looked more like a politician than a priest, was attired in morning suit and white-edged waistcoat. Japan, in reporting such missions, invariably emphasizes Siamese cordiality. The impression is given that the two free countries of Asia have locked hands. It is not quite so. "Japan courts Siam," the editor of *The Siam Chronicle*, Phya Prijanusasana, told me.

" Siam, being polite, allows herself to be courted. But she makes no advances in return."

It is Siamese policy to be friendly with everyone ; an excellent policy for a weak nation under the shadow of strong Powers. Japan, unused to friendliness, may misinterpret this attitude. It is true that Siam has warships built in Japan—but only because she can obtain them more cheaply there. She is not unwilling for the impression to get abroad that there is a Japanese-Siamese *rapprochement*—for that may spur Great Britain and France to act more handsomely toward her. But when it comes down to something more realistic than after-dinner speeches, Siam holds aloof. A few months ago large Japanese interests which have cotton plantations in Brazil sought to lease land in northern Siam for a great cotton-raising demonstration. They would supply seeds and instructions to Siamese farmers, lend them money, and buy all the cotton they produced. It would be of inestimable value to Siam to learn how to grow good cotton. And she could learn it from the Japanese. Yet she refused—because the proposition was not Siamese. She feared the entering wedge. The proposed financing of farmers might lead to a duplication of the present unfortunate rice situation : Chinese rice millers advance money to farmers who are then bound to sell their rice to them at the price they set—and when too much in debt lose their farms to the millers, thereafter working on the same land as serfs for the Chinese. But Siamese bondage to the Chinese is economic only ; that to the Japanese might become political as well.

Despite Chinese snipping of the ears of dealers who handle Japanese goods, imports from Japan steadily increase. They were 16 per cent. of Siam's imports in 1934, 26 per cent. in 1937. Imports from the United Kingdom have declined to less than half of this figure. Imports from the United States are 3.73 per cent. On Bangkok's main street a Japanese store and a store selling American goods stand side by side. The first is under-cutting the second twenty-five per cent. on canned goods—and the Japanese proprietor says he could easily make it forty per cent. and still show a profit. Japanese could clean out the grocery and provision business of Bangkok if they wished—they are not doing so now because of the feeling that would develop.

Nothing but a miracle will prevent most of the foreign business of Siam from passing into Japanese hands.

Thoughtful Siamese are also wondering how Japanese control of China will affect Siam. The internal commercial enterprise of Bangkok is conducted mainly by Chinese. The Chinese claim, with some reason, that they made Bangkok. If Japan becomes suzerain of China, she may logically " protect " those of Chinese nationality in Bangkok—which practically means that she would " protect " Bangkok.

Then there is the perennial fear of Britain and France, Siam's elbowing neighbours on the west and east. Present relations with Britain are happy, those with France almost so. But Siam has no illusions that the world programmes of Great Powers will always be conducted with her welfare in mind. Small nations remain independent only so long as their independence is of advantage to the great.

Such are the fears of Siam. They have naturally induced a strong anti-foreign complex. At one time there were foreign advisers in almost every branch of the government. Most of them have been sent home. Many had well earned their passage home by their contemptuous attitude toward the Siamese. While Siam paid her foreign teachers and counsellors often at the rate of £120 a month, a princely salary in this poor land, they sneered at Siam. It was not the Chinese or Japanese but the white men, who offended most in this regard. Therefore she can hardly suppress satisfaction upon seeing Japan putting the white man in his place. The satisfaction is only marred by the question as to who will put Japan in her place.

Siam doubts that the four dangers, Chinese, Japanese, British and French, can be met by democracy. That has come to seem milk diet. True, it gradually builds up the general health. But for immediate strength, the world has come to rely upon the neat whiskey of military dictatorship. Siam, always an apt pupil, has therefore, as I have said, turned the government over to the soldiers.

All Ministers of the Cabinet with the exception of three are army or navy officers. The three hold their posts because they keep step with the military. The strongest of the three is Luang Pradit, Foreign Minister, Paris-trained, champion of

democracy, framer of the constitution. He is now completely outnumbered by German-trained officers. The military, while retaining these few civilians on the Cabinet because of their popularity with the people, are in complete actual control, and could form a thorough-going military dictatorship at any time.

They get all they want without resorting to this extreme. Last year 22 per cent. of Siamese expenditure was for army and navy ; this year, 28 per cent. ; next year, certainly more. For it is the opinion of the informed that Siam's totalitarian trend is only beginning.

The army has its irredentist map—a map showing the regions outside of Siam which ought to be reclaimed for the Siamese state. It is perhaps not commonly known that while there are about 14,000,000 people in Siam speaking the Siamese language, there are another 14,000,000 outside of Siam who speak essentially the same language. For the Thai people are found not only in Siam but in Tonkin, Hainan, Yunnan, the Shan States of Burma, and even as far away as Szechuen. Except for those in Siam, all are under alien rule. Is it the mission of the Thai of Siam some day to liberate their brothers from foreign yokes and, round the nucleus of free Siam, make a great free Thai nation in Asia ? More practical than this soldier's dream are the other reasons for a military Siam.

So Siam joins the blacks. She can neither be blamed nor commended—she is merely moving with the world mode, as a small nation must. But the fact that the world is turning black at such a rate should dishearten no believer in democracy. Black rule is inter-regnum rule—it waits upon the time when people are ready to govern themselves. And when that time comes, great examples will be needed. Therefore it is vital to the future that the great democracies should stand fast in their faith, that there may be solid ground for the new world order when the black current has run its course.

Not that the new order will necessarily be what we have known as democracy. It will learn from communism, totalitarianism and many-isms yet to be devised—but its foundation must be power in the hands of the people, and the people made fit to wield the power.

"UNTO THE THRONE OF THE HEAVENLY GRACE."

By Lord Gorell

I.

Youth trod the earth : fresh-garlanded mid-May
Smiled, soft-eyed, on the morning. To the room
Where, pale-cheeked as her gown, the young girl lay,
Upon the heavy tides of hawthorn bloom
Through opened windows came cascade of notes
From countless feathered throats,
Hymning the gladness of the long, warm days,
Nature's untutored rivals to the sound
Of village church-bells pealing round on round
To call the countryside to prayer and praise.

II.

Like a bent lily lightening after rain,
The young girl lay and listened ; and her look,
Throughout the winter overweighed with pain,
A sudden quietude of beauty took.
Her mother, entering, asked her all her need
That loving care could feed ;
But none, she answered, had she save to share,
From her frail body's prisonment set free
And lifted on her spirit's harmony,
The holy hour of blended praise and prayer.

III.

Half dreaming then, the church-bells' peal she heard
Give place to single tolling, the lych-gate
Click restlessly, the pathway's gravel stirred
By boots of lusty farm-lads dallying late ;
She heard their clatter and the maidens' chaff,
Reluctance and a laugh ;
She heard the squire announce the day's good-will
And to a pleasant murmur pass along :
Then the clock struck—except the endless song
Of the airy kingdom, all her world went still.

IV.

It seemed she slept, and yet in sleep was borne
Within the church ; she saw the people there,
She shared the rustle of that Sunday morn,
She watched them rise in song, kneel down in prayer,
Adjust their hassocks, heard the parson say
A mumbled, " Let us pray,"
On which deep silence fell—all suddenly awoke
Within the heart of her tranquillity
A host of wandering voices, like a sea
Roused by the wind, and thus and thus they spoke :—

V.

" It's quite the fiftieth time she's worn that hat . . .
" Give him another chance, the sot ? No, sir! . . .
" P'raps I was wrong to speak to him like that . . .
" The vixen! After all I've done for her . . .
" Next year, in place of bulbs, I'll plant that bed . . .
" Oh, Milly, turn your head! . . .
" I haven't asked too much, and I won't yield . . .
" And some do say he slept with her that night . . .
" I'll not go on like this ; it isn't right . . .
" I wonder whether if I bought that field . . ."

VI.

Then a child's murmur through the huddled air
To the still listener peacefully was given ;
Skywards it rose alone, a simple prayer
Of ancient words :—" Our Father, which is in Heaven. . ."
And, rising, blended its simplicities
With birds among the trees.
It faltered, ceased, and then began to flow
The little river of a vain regret :—
" I wish I hadn't spent that penny yet,
" I wish I hadn't banged my Teddy so."

VII.

The single cloud, that in the southern sky,
A sail-set galleon, floated, crossed the sun,
Its brightness dimmed, repented, and sailed by.
The farmers, glancing window-wards each one,
Weighed crops and stock and hoped that they would gain
A gift of gentle rain ;
Thus through the sermon their accounts they kept—
All out from church, exchanging gossip, passed,
The congregation, choir, and parson last :
Their world engulfed them, and the young girl slept.

REFLECTIONS ON FRANCE

By George Soloveytchik

ENCOURAGING though the first steps of the new French "Government of National Defence" have been, their importance must not be overrated. The complexity of the problems demanding immediate solution is overwhelming. France needs the restoration of social peace and economic equilibrium, the consolidation and expansion of her diplomatic activity, but, above all, the preservation and further strengthening of national defence. All these problems demand first of all the restoration of confidence at home and abroad. Moreover, they are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to see at which particular point the initial steps have to be taken and, indeed, complex though they are, they must be viewed as merely the different facets of one very much larger problem: the safeguarding of France.

How is it that things should have come to such a pass, and that a people as intelligent and practical as the French should have allowed conditions in their country to deteriorate to the present dangerous low level? To those who feel as I do—alas, we are not very numerous in this country—recent developments in France have been something of a nightmare.

A huge deficit, accumulated not by one, but by every successive Government, no matter whether it belonged to the Right or the Left. A poor state of industrial production, the French index number at the end of 1937 being only 71 as compared with 100 in Italy, Holland and Belgium, 119 in Germany, 125 in Great Britain and 145 in Sweden, the 1929 index being taken as 100. A drop of some 25 milliards in the gold reserve that fell from the huge figure of 81 milliard francs in 1935 to 56 milliards in 1938.

The rising cost of living and consequent social unrest, accentuated by political strife between Capital and Labour; "a psychosis of hatred," as M. Albert Sarraut put it, animating

the whole French nation and showing no signs of subsiding. All this—while the international position of Europe, and more especially the strategic position of France, is becoming more and more dangerous in almost daily progression. And, in a crisis like this, the chosen leaders of France are spending their time and energies in splitting hairs about empty formulas, manœuvring for position, accusing each other of all the worst possible indignities, evading responsibilities and trying to put them on their "opposite numbers" both individually and collectively. Between the repertoire of demonology of the Right and of the Left in this distressing spectacle there is not much to choose; both sides use their respective bogies *ad nauseam* and without the slightest regard for any ascertainable facts or figures.

Oh! I know, I know! when things become really desperate the French always pull themselves together, and national union is created automatically. In that respect they are like the British, who also have a morbid preference for only acting at the very last moment and allowing things to reach a pretty desperate pass before they take any action. But it is permissible to ask whether that point has not been reached a long time ago and whether the French are not unduly delaying the moment when they will unite—or the British the moment when *they* will choose to wake up from their lethargic sleep.

Blum's reforms were necessary and much overdue; but that does not mean that they could be rushed through without any regard for the country's economic conditions or the unavoidable political consequences. Instead of telling the nation that social reforms require a special effort and have to be paid for, the *Front Populaire* Government preferred to create a fiction by persuading their followers that what was pleasant was also useful, and that the panacæa for the country's economic ills was to work a little less and to take a little more. Devaluation also failed to achieve its object because it was done in a clumsy way and at the wrong moment. The havoc that ensued only contributed to the existing difficulties, and reluctance to face realities—on both sides of the barricade—only sharpened the conflict.

As a result of it all France has been paralysed politically

and economically, and has been incapable of exercising her influence in the world. This has encouraged her enemies and disappointed her friends. Everybody knows that the paroxysm is only a temporary one, yet time presses in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, and they cannot wait. If they wish to save what can be saved they must seek immediate adjustments. I for one am convinced that what Hitler really wants is the isolation of France, and so far " the abdication " by France of her responsibilities not only towards third parties but chiefly towards herself has immeasurably facilitated that objective. But what of England ? it may be asked. The truth of the matter is that something other than friendship binds this country to France. Whether our isolationists like it or not, the fate of the two countries is indivisible.

But, to be honest, there is not much love lost between the French and the British. While the majority in either country is profoundly indifferent to the difficulties of the other, there are a certain number of people in both to whom such difficulties give genuine malicious pleasure. The Channel seems to be the widest ocean that ever separated two nations. Ignorance and pre-conceived ideas appear to be so firmly rooted on both sides that it is well-nigh hopeless to get either nation to see the other in a more dispassionate, and therefore fairer light.

The French know little or nothing about this country. It is only in recent years that England has been "discovered" by some of their writers. As often as not, however, the information contained even in the ablest books is inaccurate, *e.g.*, Paul Morand's *London* in which all the generalizations are brilliant and most of the names, facts and dates are wrong. The same writer was recently referring in the *Figaro* to a mysterious paper called *Le TIMES du Dimanche.* I have a cutting from *Paris-Soir* telling its unsuspecting readers a few months ago that "Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, is fishing salmon in Scotland "—and the late Sir Austen was France's best friend in this country! I could quote many similar beauties of literature and journalism.

There are, of course, some well-informed and scholarly Frenchmen who know this country ; but you can count them on your fingers. " The average Englishman "—if there is such

a thing—views the people of France much in the same way as the provincial Frenchman views the Parisian. To him every man there is venal and a libertine, every woman a harlot. Their one desire is to " rook you", and therefore no amount of suspicion is ever too much.

You can argue till you are blue in the face that the French live—not on their wits, but by solid hard work ; that their notions of family life are sane and often far more human than in this country ; that the honour of French women stands as high as that of any other nationality, indeed that a French " *jeune fille* " is brought up far more strictly than English girls and that the very idea of young French womanhood enjoying the freedom so firmly established here would give people in France a profound shock. None of these arguments will ever sound convincing to those whose attitude has been so brilliantly satirized—and summed up—in Noel Coward's little ditty " There's always something fishy about the French".

A great deal of the blame for this entirely distorted view belongs to the French themselves. Through their exclusiveness directed not only against " the foreigner " but also against each other—they make it hard for visitors from other countries to appraise their sterling qualities at their true value.

The Frenchmen whom a British tourist deals with are hotel and shop-keepers, pleasure merchants and menials—in other words those who sell him their services and only value his patronage inasmuch as he is a source of revenue to them. How many French people have ever asked a foreigner to their house or shown him any other sign of personal interest and hospitality ? I am not talking of a certain cosmopolitan society you meet in the bars of luxury hotels, which is thoroughly unrepresentative, or of the few individual exceptions that constitute the proverbial confirmation of the rule. But the fact remains that most Englishmen who go to France have practically no real French contacts. They go there to enjoy and divert themselves, to purchase from willing sellers the pleasures that a restrictive legislation, a poor climate and their own repressions prevent them from obtaining at home. And the French do nothing to inculcate into such visitors feelings of respect and admiration of, or interest in, their country. Sometimes the very reverse is the

case. The foreigner who reads a French political newspaper must get the impression that all the public men of that country are crooks, sexual perverts, congenital imbeciles or traitors to their fatherland. I confess that as a friend and admirer of France I not only feel outraged but deeply humiliated when I pick up one of these unsavoury publications and see the torrent of malodorous abuse the French are pouring over one another in such reckless fashion. How can they expect any one outside their own country to respect them when day in, day out, they offer this revolting spectacle of mutual mud-flinging ?

I am neither a puritan nor a hypocrite : criticism, argument, even invective, appeal to me, and are to my mind essential for the preservation of an independent public opinion. But the gutter jargon of an ever increasing number of French papers and weeklies is the most striking proof into what perversion of freedom the so-called " freedom of the press " can degenerate.

A friend of mine who came to live in Paris just over thirty years ago once told me how the first thing he saw as he came out of the station was a troupe of sandwichmen carrying large posters, " *Clemenceau est un pédéraste* "—" the tiger " had just formed his first Government. Since then one has been able to read in the *Action Française* or various other papers similar accusations about other leading statesmen, or else that they are flagellants, whoremongers, thieves and rascals. I do not believe a word of it, but even if it *were* true—which, of course, it is not—do the " patriotic " Frenchmen who write that sort of thing about the leaders of their nation—for the whole world to read—really think they are doing their country a service ?

The French are supposed to be a logical people—why, goodness only knows. There does not appear much logic in the above, yet the example can be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*.

Take, for instance the "proletariat" represented by the parties of the Left. They endured all the hardships and social injustices imposed on them by the Governments of the Right without as much as moving a little finger in protest. Yet no sooner did their own representatives assume office than they began to render their life impossible by a series of strikes that were as unwarranted as they were unwise, and which could not fail to achieve the paradoxical result of the chances of a Left

Government being frustrated by its own followers. Poor Léon Blum has had far more trouble from his supporters than from the opposition, and had he been half the man he looked like being during the early part of his first tenure of office he should have said so in no measured terms.

Equally unbelievable is the attitude of the Right. They crucified Aristide Briand for his endeavours to conciliate a relatively democratic and peaceful German Republic; they called him a traitor and hounded him out of office. Even to-day there are periodical desecrations of his tomb and his monument. Yet now when Germany is ruled by a man whose admitted object is the destruction of France, the very same Right is going out of its way to "come to terms" with Germany. It is as "logical" as if a fellow about to be placed on an electric chair should express his desire to "come to terms" with the chair!

And in their blind hatred of the Left many representatives of the Right in France go so far that they would almost prefer Hitler or Mussolini or Franco in command rather than another "Front Populaire" Government. "*Nous ferons un cimetière de la France,*" Carrier said, "*plutôt que de ne la pas régénérer de notre manière.*"

For twenty years France has been ruining herself on building up what is admittedly the finest and strongest army in the world. Together with Mr. Churchill, I "thank God" for it. Yet, wherever the question has arisen of utilizing it, or not even of doing that—but of risking the possibility of having to do it, the French have shied back and afterwards declared that action was undesirable or premature.

It is often said that this reticence to act is due to British pressure, and that, had not Great Britain restrained France from opposing the German re-occupation of the Rhineland, or in more recent times Franco's progress in Spain—(surely a strategic and not an ideological matter to France)—the French Government would have shown more vigour and initiative. If that is true, I am tempted to say that it would have been very much better not only for France but for the world at large had the French had the strength of character to answer what General Cambronne of immortal fame is alleged to have said at

Waterloo. Both the Germans and the British would have understood them better and acted accordingly!

One of the most firmly established misconceptions in this country is that the poor, innocent, and always conciliatory British Government throughout the post-war years has followed the lead of France, and that the present international imbroglio is somehow due to the Machiavellian and selfish doings of the French. Nothing is further from the truth, and this country—however well meaning—cannot escape a very heavy share of responsibility for the weak position in which France finds herself to-day.

Characteristically enough, the most influential organs of the British press have not merely welcomed the formation of a Daladier government but have stressed the need of unity in France to make possible an active and vigorous foreign policy. Yet it is the very same press that through its attitude in British domestic and foreign affairs has contributed more than its share to the diplomatic vicissitudes of France, which in their turn have gone far to paralyse her will and deprive her of the possibility to do what we apparently now want her to do. But then the British have never claimed to be a " logical " race.

With their great sense of humour, the French sometimes themselves make fun of this alleged and proverbial quality. I remember a sketch in a little Parisian cabaret soon after the rioting in the *Place de la Concorde*, when, it will be remembered, the angry mob ejected some passengers from a bus and put the bus on fire. In that sketch you saw the passengers complaining to a policeman about it, and his reply was : " *Mais c'est normal. On n'est pas content du gouvernment—eh bien, on allume un autobus! Nous sommes un peuple logique . . .*"!

As a matter of fact, the small Parisian cabarets (you seldom meet a foreigner there, for there is really no *show* but just a series of witty songs and sketches) usually enable you to judge the state of French public opinion much better than any newspaper or any official statement. It is in one of those cabarets that I heard the brilliant *chansonnier* Dorin expound, with true French logic, the attitude of the plain citizen to the hateful matter of taxation. He was explaining to the tax-collector cross-examining him and accusing him of gross tax evasion that

by not paying his taxes in full he was actually performing a public duty. Had he paid up all that was demanded of him every time a new tax was imposed, he said, he would have had nothing left out of which to pay the next tax invariably imposed by every new Government. The tax-dodger, M. Dorin explained amongst uproarious applause and loud laughter, was one of the principal pillars of the State and deserved the Government's thanks for his action.

This question of taxation brings me to one of the vital problems with which every French Government has been faced since times immemorial, and never more so than at the present moment.

Paying taxes is no favourite pastime of any nation, but the French easily take the first place among those who will not pay up. As a witty financial journalist was recently remarking in Paris : " A Frenchman who makes an honest tax return and pays up promptly is not merely considered by his fellow citizens as a *poire*, i.e., a fool, but he actually feels that something derogatory to his dignity has happened. He feels like a *cocu*, like a man who has been deceived by his wife, whose name is France." And Mr. Winston Churchill was quite right when he observed that the difference between a Briton and a Frenchman is that whereas the Briton is willing to assume any financial burden demanded by the Government but will only reluctantly be a soldier, the Frenchman is prepared to do all the necessary service the State demands of him but is reluctant to pay taxes.

Income Tax in France is collected almost entirely in the big cities and industrial districts ; hundreds of the small towns contribute very little, and in the villages direct taxation almost entirely stops. In 1937, for instance, the tax on agricultural profits amounted to the ridiculous sum of 20 million francs ; yet out of France's 42 million inhabitants, 8 million live on the land. About half of these are independent peasants, but out of these 4 millions scarcely one hundred thousand paid the tax at all.

Successive Governments have gradually adapted their finance to this " passive resistance," and like most agricultural States France now collects the greater part of her revenue through indirect taxation. Scarcely ten per cent. of it is represented by

direct taxes, which are contributed mainly by the salaried middle classes—the rich people being past masters at tax evasion. But the remaining 90 per cent. of the State's expenses have to be squeezed out of the people through indirect taxes and loans—a most dangerous and unhealthy procedure. The result has been a complete unbalancing of national income and national expenditure, and the prosperity of the country has been greatly impaired. This is but one of the many aspects of the financial "cancer" from which France has been suffering for so many years and which must be grappled with.

* * *

The new Prime Minister, who seems to have entirely outlived the odium he incurred during the Stavisky riots, is reported to be a man of energy and resource. He deserves the support not only of his own countrymen but of all those who have the cause of peace and democracy at heart. To the British, more than any other nation, a strong, united and vigorous France is an absolute necessity. Even those who think that "there is always something fishy about the French" should at last wake up and realize that they cannot afford to be indifferent to the fate of these people. And I need hardly say that those of us who see in France the greatest glory of civilization, who love her despite all her funny and exasperating little tricks, the recovery and consolidation of that country is a matter of the deepest personal concern—our most ardent and cherished wish.

"*Faire que la France puisse vivre, c'est encore le meilleur moyen de servir l'humanité et la paix*" wrote the *Temps* a few weeks ago. Frenchmen and Englishmen alike should do well to ponder over this and act accordingly.

THE NEW REGIME IN RUMANIA

By Diplomaticus

THE coffee-house wit said it could not last. The Liberal politician said it could not last, and was uncertain though hopeful of what would succeed it. The Iron Guard doctor said it could not last, and was sure what would succeed it. The National Peasant leader said it should not last, and knew what ought to succeed it. The General said it might not last, and it was rather a nuisance to the War Office, though it was convenient in removing the risk of someone jockeying him out of his work. His subordinate, being a member of the Iron Guard, said nothing. The Jew hoped it would not last, was afraid it might not, and was more afraid of what might succeed it. Big Business was sure it would last.

That, for anyone having a slight acquaintance with Rumania, sketches roughly the country's reactions to its new *régime* proclaimed in February. A reader having no knowledge of the country should remember that two large categories of Rumanians are not represented in the paragraph above : the civil servants and the peasants. Of them it is necessary only to say that the former are very numerous, very poor, hold much coveted jobs and are Rumanians, not Jews ; the latter are as a whole very ignorant and to a large extent cut off from information and prevented fron exercising the common sense and sound political instinct with which they are credited.

In spite of this body of opposition, or rather of disapproval, the Rumanian *régime* shows signs of lasting. It has survived the quasi-dismissal of an important member of its Government, several petty but somewhat heated squabbles among other members thereof, a considerable reconstruction of personnel and a long step forward on the path to effective dictatorship—the dissolution of political parties.* It still has neither a party

* More recently still, a sudden but perhaps not quite a wholehearted attempt to suppress entirely the Fascist Iron Guard's activities.

to support it nor a clearly-defined programme with which to attract a party. In external relations it has as its new Minister for Foreign Affairs a reputed friend of Herr Hitler's—who has begun his ministry with friendly declarations to Soviet Russia. It is all rather confusing.

"Moth-ball beards" is a rendering of a phrase current in Bucharest to describe the Ministers without portfolio who were the kernel of the first Government of the new *régime*. For purposes of concentrating loyalties, former Prime Ministers of various complexions were induced to give the *régime* their support and their counsel. They were most of them old, some of them bearded, and one or two of them proper "dug-outs." Of the "moth-ball beards" the most prominent, apart from the Patriarch Miron Christea, who has the finest beard of them all, were M. Vaida, the dissident National Peasant, now leader of his own group, and Marshal Averescu. Vaida, because he is a dynamic person in spite of his age; and Marshal Averescu because, having been made a member of the Cabinet, he attended no meetings of the Cabinet, retired to his own house and was liberal with remarks criticizing the theory and the practice of the authoritarian *régime* of which he was the Minister.

Apart from the "moth-ball beards" proper, the most important persons of this first Government were without doubt M. Tatarescu and General Antonescu. The first was important because he was the active representative of the Liberal party, was in himself a very experienced politician and was at once a member of the inner Cabinet of Prime Ministers and Minister of Foreign Affairs; he was in fact popularly considered to be the real Prime Minister, and had the reputation of being what is generally known as a "Yes-man" to King Carol. He was, however, not on very good terms with the party of which he was a member. General Antonescu was important because he was an excellent soldier with a strong sense of duty. He was the more important because this sense of duty has impelled him to accept office directly under the King with whom he had quarrelled violently some time ago, and by whom, on the instigation, it is said, of Madame Lupescu, he was removed from his position of Chief of the General Staff. General Antonescu must have

swallowed his resentment, at any rate he put his resources at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior.*

This Government had two principal tasks : to keep at bay the democratic party of National Peasants of Maniu (the biggest party in the country, reckoned by popular support), and to take the wind out of the sails of the Fascist Iron Guard. With the former, the King, for personal reasons, would have no truck, nor would the opposition of the other parties have been inconsiderable. The latter was feared by Rumania's business world for its " Communistic " doctrines and by Rumania's associates for its pan-Axis leanings. The first task the Government achieved by mere suppression, allowing the imprisonment of some leaders, the watching of all, and forbidding all meetings, even tea parties, except by special license of the police. The second was accomplished in the first place by the constitution of the Government itself, since the Patriarch was not only a friend of Zelea Codreanu, the Captain of the Iron Guard, but was also quoted by the Iron Guard propaganda as embodying one of the ideals for which that movement was striving. In the second place the influence of the Vaida party was important in this respect, since their nationalism and anti-semitism, though as moderate as these things can be, might bid fair to serve as a substitute for the nationalism and anti-semitism of the Iron Guard itself. Moreover, M. Vaida had on occasion proclaimed himself almost the protector of Zelea Codreanu.

In this task the *régime* had soon some promising achievements to show. In the first place Codreanu announced the dissolution of his Party, the All-For-The-Fatherland Party : but, be it noted, he did not dissolve the real Iron Guard, which continued to function as a more or less secret society. Secondly, the *régime* succeeded in putting in its new and hastily drafted Constitution a clause disqualifying from ever becoming Ministers of the Rumanian Crown persons whose family have been Rumanian citizens for less than three generations (Zelea Codreanu's father became a Rumanian citizen in 1906). Exception is made for such persons as have already been

* However, the rumour of his banishment at the time of King Carol's action against the Iron Guard seemed to point to his being suspect—almost as suspect as the rest of the officers, who are riddled with Iron Guard doctrine.

Ministers : this, an example of how the new Constitution seems to be drafted to fit individual cases, permits of the participation of Transylvanians (such as Vaida and Maniu himself) but at the same time creates difficulties for the National Peasant Party, since the Party has a large following in Transylvania and now finds its young leaders of that province prevented, short of a modification of the Constitution, from becoming Ministers. Thirdly, the *régime* carried through, and is still carrying through, the Goga project of a census of the Jewish population, with the object of expelling those Jews who could not show proofs of their citizenship before 1918, or had no proper credentials as duly admitted immigrants. The measure has undergone several modifications, but still serves as proof of the good nationalist tendency of the *régime*, and is undoubtedly being played up as a prophylactic for Iron Guardism. Various other measures against Jewish interests, especially in the legal profession serve the same purpose. The large Jewish commercial and financial interests are unaffected, however. And, finally, in foreign politics one of the first acts of the new *régime* was to send the present Foreign Minister, then Under-Secretary of State, to Ankara to join with the Balkan Entente in making a modified gesture towards the Rome-Berlin Axis by recognizing the Italian Empire in Abyssinia and by sending representatives to General Franco's Government in Spain.

In the face of this the Iron Guard, or rather Codreanu, bided his time, confident of his strength and well knowing that he could keep the pot of agitation and apprehension boiling by saying nothing and allowing the stories of threats and counter-threats of heads rolling in the dust to circulate through the capital and the country. Later he announced his definite opposition less to the *régime* than to the person of Vaida, whom he attacked bitterly as having betrayed the country and above all the country's youth. Thereby he denounced Vaida's pretensions to become protector and substitute for him. For its part the National Peasant Party, having ordered the abstention of its adherents at the rather farcical plebiscite in February, was reduced to circulating, more or less secretly, dignified protests at the anti-constitutional acts performed and to trying

to keep some sort of party organization alive and evident to the mass of the country.

* * * * *

Now the situation has changed. In the first place the composition of the Government has altered in an interesting fashion. Then, the Opposition has made a slight though significant move. Since the Opposition, short of a revolution, is powerless to modify policy, the changes in the Government are the more interesting.

That a change was coming, the capital knew some time ago. People, especially business circles, were extremely nervous of what the change would bring, and rumours flew round the coffee houses and streets and even the ministries. One moment it was Goga's friends again, the next Vaida, as Prime Minister, the next even Maniu's, and at one moment Codreanu's. It was known that the Liberal Party, or what was left of it, under the leadership of Dinu Bratianu, one of that very important family who have virtually governed Rumania for the better part of the last sixty years, had gone so far in their opposition as to decide to withdraw all their representatives from the Government : a thing easier said than done.

There was general relief, at least in business circles, when the change was eventually made known. The " moth-ball beards " and General Antonescu with them, had in the main been formed into an advisory Crown Council : the actual conduct of affairs had been put into the hands of a selection of people who together made up what is generally called a Government of experts : that is, a Government of second-class politicians, reinforced by a certain proportion of technical and academic personalities.

The two most interesting appointments are those of Mihail Ralea to Minister of Labour, and Petrescu-Comnen as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Ralea was Professor at the University of Jassy, and had a reputation as a sociologist. More important, he was until the day before his appointment Editor of the Bucharest Newspaper *Dreptatea*, which even under the new *régime* was the organ of the National Peasant Party. It suffered under the censorship, which is unequally exercised, but, under Ralea's direction, made a vigorous stand against Goga's policies, and was notoriously favourable to the French association,

the policy of Titulescu and of course the views of the National Peasant leader Maniu. Ralea and his Under-Secretary, Andrei, in fact, were considered to belong rather to the left wing of the Peasant Party. It might be taken as earnest of the *régime's* wish to placate the mass of the peasant population that such personages should have been induced to serve on it. The exact motives inspiring their consent, and the significance of this defection from the antagonistic attitude of Maniu, can only be guessed at present. Ghelmegeanu, also a former and dissident member of the National Peasant Party, is now Minister of Transport.

Petrescu-Comnen also comes to the direction of the country's foreign relations as an expert : he is a diplomat, and an able one, by profession, his last post having been that of Minister in Berlin. His activities have already been mentioned in this article : to that mention it should be added that soon after his appointment he gave some very soothing declarations to the international press. They were rather too soothing on all sides to carry much conviction, consisting principally of assurances that the former policy of Rumania (which one ?) would be continued, It would be useless to pretend, however, that the personality of Comnen can decide the foreign policy of Rumania : the sympathies and the interests of the King are the only really deciding factor.

One other figure of the present administration requires some mention. It is that of M. Nae Ionescu as Under-Secretary of State in the *Kultusministerium*. Not a very important post, but an appointment in strong contrast to those outstanding ones already mentioned. M. Nae Ionescu is held to be an advocate of the German cause : he was connected with I. G. Farben for some time, he was an early theoretician of the Iron Guard, and he was one of those people arrested after the murder of the Prime Minister Duca. He owns a newspaper which bears every symptom of his sympathies for Germany and Fascism in general, though not for the Iron Guard. His present connection with that organization is not very clear, since his paper was something of a supporter of the Goga *régime*—and Goga compromised himself in the eyes of the Iron Guard by

allowing two of its members to be shot in the weeks before the elections which were never held.

In the face of this assembly of talents the Opposition, such as it is, is in a peculiar position. It consists of several opposed elements : the Fascist, the democratic, the indignant Liberals, and the remnants of the (Young Liberal) Constitutional Front of George Bratianu,* elements have had a consultation : M. Maniu for the democratic National Peasants, M. Codreanu for the Iron Guard, and M. George Bratianu. Moreover there has been discussed the possibility of a joint memorandum in protest against the dissolution of the political parties.

There can be no doubt that the *régime* has the Opposition in check, simply by the fact that it has the police and the military at its command. On the face of it, there can be little ground for any joint action on the part of that opposition : it is not easy for a democratic constitutional party like that of M. Maniu, with its traditional tendency to a pro-French and British policy, to join forces with a revolutionary anti-constitutional party like that of M. Codreanu which has declared that its first action when in power would be to adhere to the Rome-Berlin axis. Yet such are the convolutions of Rumanian political life that the two have been associated already in one respect—in their election compact, which was a non-aggression pact.

The foregoing are the elements of Rumanian political life which have to be taken into consideration under the present circumstances. There are, however, some fundamental problems of the country which go beyond the activities of the former political parties and the personnel of the Government.

The foremost problem is that of the administration. The curse of all Rumanian governments has been corruption. Only one Government, that of M. Maniu, held out any hope of effecting an improvement in this respect, and that Government had not time to carry through its intentions. The King's Government has announced its intention, which would be welcomed all over the country, of taking the strongest steps against this evil—and has started off by the discovery of a smuggling scandal of first-class importance. It has announced, moreover, a new administrative scheme, dividing up the country into seven administrative

* Before the arrest of M. Codreanu.

districts, instead of into the old provinces—though this scheme may be suspected of having the object of breaking up provincial loyalties rather than of having any real significance as a constructive measure. It attempts to produce the impression that the permanency of officials can be more or less assured under the dictatorship, in contrast to the constant and disturbing changes wrought by political party after party finding niches for its *protégés*. It is absolutely necessary for the *régime* to achieve something in this respect in order to combat the propaganda of the Iron Guard.

Secondly, it is clear that the *régime*, to obtain any support in the country, must make a show of tackling the problem of the Jews. Anti-semitism is rampant. The various agitations have even made the peasant anti-semitic. The Government know very well that it is impossible to effect the expulsion of a large proportion of the Jews in Rumania, and hope with a long-term policy of restrictions on Jewish activity and a few resounding expulsions now and again to give enough evidence of their good will in this respect.

Thirdly, there is the economic question. The King has taken over, promising *monts et merveilles*, at none too favourable a moment. He has not the advantage of having assumed power, as did Hitler in Germany, at the end of an economic depression, and at the beginning of a boom period. The country badly needs capital : but its administration up to now has not given much inducement to foreign investors to bring their money to Rumania. German and Italian interests, backed by the political pressure of their countries, have established themselves, and are conducting a considerable amount of propaganda. British interests are limited almost to the oil companies. The country is immensely rich in natural resources, but transport facilities are deplorable.

It is difficult to see what large-scale economic programme the King can propose and carry through. His associations with business circles are well-known, and he has not behind him the driving force of a supporting party such as is enjoyed by other dictatorships. Whether the lack of such a programme and of its achievement will cause in the long run significant dissatisfaction in the country remains to be seen.

THE MODERNS—*A Story.*

By Freda C. Bond

MISS Christopher manœuvred her neat posterior between the easel bearing the wood-cut of the sea horses and the pyramid of wooden blocks on which the statuettes from Austria were displayed, and stepped carefully out of the half-dressed window. Miss Brewster, watching her, found herself wishing, not for the first time, that her junior would knock something over as she performed this delicate operation; but she never did. Miss Brewster reflected that, in spite of her high school education, Miss Christopher was under-sized—which disproved a statement she had read somewhere to the effect that the educated classes were, on an average, an inch and a half taller than the uneducated.

How extraordinary it seemed, she thought, as she watched Miss Christopher bending over a portfolio of etchings, presumably looking for something to " balance " the sea horses on the other easel, at present empty, that Mr. Swann should entrust the window dressing to Miss Christopher who had only worked at Cullens for a year, whereas she had been there for nine years, seven years longer than Mr. Swann himself. She was never given a chance to show what she could do nowadays. When old Mr. Ambrose Cullen was manager, things were different.

Miss Christopher brushed the hair back from her forehead with a languid air. She had a smear of dirt on her left cheek, but Miss Brewster did not tell her about it. If Mr. Swann were to come into the front shop now, he wouldn't think there was much of Botticelli about Miss Christopher.

Mr. Swann used to refer to Miss Christopher as " my find." He had found her (behind the counter of a circulating library) at the expense of poor Miss Miggs, who had worked with Miss Brewster from the latter's first days at the shop. Old Mr. Ambrose used to call them " my girls," although Miss Miggs

was fifty when she was given the sack, and Miss Brewster wouldn't see forty again. Mr. Swann had said he couldn't run an art shop with a staff that knew nothing about art, and as Miss Miggs's ignorance had been even deeper than Miss Brewster's she had been the one to go.

But what, Miss Brewster asked herself, did Miss Christopher know about art? Wearing an "arty" smock instead of the neat black dress which Mr. Ambrose had enjoined his girls to wear, didn't make you know about art, nor standing with your head on one side and your eyes screwed up when you looked at a picture—no, nor looking like a Botticelli either.

Miss Brewster remembered the day when Mr. Swann had told her that he had engaged Miss Christopher in Miss Miggs's place. "She'll give the place a lift up," he had said. "Just the girl for us—pure Botticelli."

Miss Brewster knew, of course, that Botticelli was a foreign painter. She thought they had had one or two sacred subjects by him in stock in Mr. Ambrose's time, but she wasn't sure: they might have been Raphaels. Then, shortly after Miss Christopher's arrival, Mr. Swann had ordered a picture by Botticelli for stock—only you didn't call them pictures now, as you did in Mr. Ambrose's time, you called them prints, or etchings, or woodcuts—and Miss Brewster had looked in embarrassed astonishment at the Birth of Venus.

Pure Botticelli! Well, she would never have thought that Mr. Swann, who aways behaved like a gentleman, when all was said and done, would have likened a girl to that bold hussy. And to give Miss Christopher her due, she wasn't a bit like the Venus. And the customers wouldn't like the picture either, she knew that. This wasn't London, it was Norchester, "'twixt Trent and Tweed," where ideas were different.

The trouble with Mr. Swann, Miss Brewster considered, was that he persisted in regarding Cullens as an art shop pure and simple, whereas it was Art and Fancy. He was letting the Fancy down, he didn't care about it. The present owner, the son of the Frederic Cullen (Mr. Ambrose's cousin) who had founded the business, didn't care about it either, it seemed. He had given Mr. Swann a free hand and the place had assumed a different aspect. It wasn't homely any more.

Mr. Swann had cleared away the counter, with the nice little ledge beneath it where Miss Miggs and she used to keep their knitting, and the comfortable little rail for their feet. They used to have such chats, sitting there at the back end of the afternoon, with Mr. Ambrose away in the office, checking the ledgers with old Walter. Of course, Walter was a bit slow, but Mr. Swann needn't have sacked him. He hadn't got another job yet.

When Miss Brewster thought of losing her job, she felt something that was rather like a clockwork mouse running up her spine and a sensation in her throat of nausea that reminded her of the time she had tried to eat an oyster. If you lost your job after you had turned forty, well, one might almost say thirty, nowadays, you never got another. For over twenty years, Miss Brewster had risen at half past six, descended to the basement kitchen to mash a cup of tea for her mother, had dressed and " done " her room in time to join the family for breakfast at a quarter to eight. Then she had taken the short cut over the allotments, past the gas works to the cross roads by the Fox and Hounds, where she caught the car for the city. She asked nothing better than to continue to carry out this routine for another twenty years; it was necessary to her existence as the rising and setting of the sun. But the light of the sun might be cut off from her as it had been cut off from Miss Miggs and Walter. When she realized this, she felt that she must, at all costs, accommodate herself to the new régime at Cullens, she must admire the things that Mr. Swann admired—the bare space where the old, homely counter had stood, the new, light grey paint in place of the old chocolate colour that had been so serviceable, the easels with their etchings, the new-fangled display blocks, as unfriendly and angular as the strange, elongated statues that stood on them.

But in Miss Brewster's heart there was always a nostalgia for the old, warm intimacy of the shop, before Fancy had been ousted by Art. Little china cats and dogs, as lifelike as anything, embossed leather blotters and note books, ever so artistic, whatever Mr. Swann might say, brass toasting-forks and door knockers, just the thing for a Christmas present, and pokerwork mottoes, with far more sense in them than the broadsheets now

hanging on the walls. And the postcards! Every sort of postcard they had had—members of the royal family, beautiful children, dogs, flower studies, everything! It was different now.

Miss Christopher closed the portfolio and looked vaguely round the shop.

"There's nothing here that strikes just the right note," she said, "I'll have to go down to the cellar and bring up some of the Moderns."

Miss Brewster did not appear to hear her. Great, lazy thing, Miss Christopher thought, standing there with a duster in her hands, doing nothing. It was wrong, completely wrong, that she should have this tiring window dressing business on her hands, with no one to help her. Why couldn't Miss Brewster occasionally lend a hand? Though to be sure, she had no more idea of what a modern window should look like than a cat. She'd be in her element dressing the window of one of those little drapers' shops in the suburbs; ribbons and gloves and underwear all jostling each other, all plainly priced—"latest fashion," "very smart," "this style 11¾d."

"Couldn't you arrange the postcards? I shan't be finished by dinner time at this rate."

"What postcards?"

Be patient with Miss Brewster, Mr. Swann had said, she's not as young as she was, and she's apt to be a little dense at times, but she has a heart of gold. But really—"*What* postcards?"

Miss Christopher indicated the slotted board on which they usually arranged the postcards for window display, then indicated the racks containing the supplies of cards, and disappeared in search of the Moderns.

Yes, things had indeed come to a pretty pass, when Miss Brewster was given orders by Miss Christopher. Asking her to arrange the postcards, indeed! Yet she couldn't deny that she had nothing else to do. Trade was slack—and no wonder. Who wanted to buy postcards such as these, for instance? Slowly, distastefully, and with difficulty, for the postcards seldom fitted the slots in the display board that were intended to hold them, Miss Brewster begn to arrange the cards.

Photographs of Chinese vases, of Greek statuary, reproductions of pictures done by children in a Viennese school who couldn't draw, poor things : the idea of charging threepence for pictures like you'd see drawn in chalk on the fence by the allotments!

Mr. Swann, as delicate, black and white and *démodé* as a Beardsley drawing, came from the office beyond the shop and approached Miss Brewster with an air suggesting that he was enacting the adjective "sprightly." In his own mind, the adjective that he was enacting was "encouraging." Without perpetual encouragement, Miss Brewster was heavy on the hand as a drowned cat, of which animal she frequently reminded him. I'm too, too soft-hearted, he thought : if I were a boná fide business man, I should have sacked her long ago, but an artist is never wholly a business man, thank God.

"Helping with the window, I see ; good, good—the team spirit, that's the thing—."

Miss Brewster began to explain about the postcards being the wrong size for the slots, but Mr. Swann, appearing not to hear, went out of the shop and stood on the pavement, critically surveying the window, with the narrowed eyes and sideways-slanting head that so irritated Miss Brewster when adopted by Miss Christopher. With Mr. Swann it was different. Customers liked it ; some of them, at least. Callow young women from the suburbs with a guinea to spend on a wedding present stared open-mouthed at Mr. Swann, placing first one Modern and then another on the easel, stepping back, clasping his hands in unfeigned ecstasy : "Can't you *feel* the prickliness of the sunflowers—symbolic of the prickliness of Van Gogh's life, don't you think ? And the perpetual flux of this Manet, the perfect embodiment of water . . ."

And the young woman, who had come into town with the intention of getting a nice picture like that beautiful one called "Wedded" which hung in Auntie's drawing-room, would return, bewildered, to the suburbs, with a Manet or a Cezanne under her arm.

The Moderns were the objects of Mr. Swann's especial veneration, and Miss Christopher shared his devotion. Now, as Mr. Swann came in from the street and met Miss Christopher returning from the cellar with half a dozen reproductions of the

work of the French Impressionists, the two enthusiasts applied themselves with animation to the task of finishing the dressing of the window. Miss Christopher's Botticellian languor had vanished, though whether by virtue of the proximity of Mr. Swann or of Degas and Cezanne, Miss Brewster could not say. She was bewildered and resentful at the prominence which was now continually given to the Moderns. The very name, the Moderns, seemed to imply her own superannuation. Mr. Ambrose used to say she had an eye for colour; he used to compliment her on her taste, on her love for dainty things. But there were no dainty things, nowadays, to love. How crude, how coarse, how meaningless were these daubs, these cornfields, these cypress trees, these sailing boats, over which Mr. Swann and Miss Christopher languished so lovingly. As to those dreadful, half-naked women by that man whose name began with G—not Van Gogh, another, even madder—well, Mr. Swann was beginning to see that Norchester would not stand for them.

Mr. Swann called to her to come and admire the completed window. He told her an anecdote about Cezanne (these little bits of information are useful, Miss Brewster, they interest the customers). Yes, he was kind and considerate, Mr. Swann, always trying to make her feel that she was one of them, that the staff at Cullens was, as he sometimes said, one united family. But if it was a family, she reflected, it consisted, like most families, of two generations: the rising generation, the moderns, and herself, the old generation, with her heart in the past.

The doorbell pinged, and a customer came into the shop, an elderly lady, somewhat dowdy and deprecating, the type of customer who was usually relegated to Miss Brewster. She wanted a birthday card, a birthday card with "nice words." Miss Brewster reflected with satisfaction that, thanks to her own enterprise, Cullens was able at the moment to offer a choice, albeit a small one, of cards with "nice words." A traveller carrying cards of this type had called recently when Mr. Swann was on holiday, and she had placed a small order. Mr. Swann and Miss Christopher jeered at "nice words." Their idea of a birthday card was a woodcut of an oast-house, or perhaps a cider press, with nothing but the curtest, most formal greeting

printed on it. But Miss Brewster well knew that the class of customer who sends birthday cards is not the class that appreciates woodcuts.

Miss Brewster was happy serving the old lady, who had come out without her glasses and required to have the greetings on the cards read aloud to her. While Miss Brewster was so occupied the shop bell pinged again and another customer came in. Just the type for Miss Christopher, Miss Brewster thought, and noticed how eagerly her colleague went forward to greet the tall, bearded young man in the shaggy tweeds. He seemed to be asking for reproductions of work by modern artists : a bit of luck, with the window newly dressed with Moderns.

Miss Brewster finished serving the old lady and glanced across at Miss Christopher to see if she was succeeding in making a sale. But something seemed to have gone wrong. The sliding back of the window was open : Miss Christopher had apparently been displaying the Moderns to this promising-looking customer. And he was saying :

" Moderns! You call these old dug-outs Moderns! D'you know when Cezanne died, my dear ? Fifty years ago! About as modern as your great-grandfather. No, don't show me any more, I pray you. Haven't you a recent Nash, for instance, or a Picasso or an Armstrong, or something by one of the younger members of the London Group ? "

If Miss Christopher resembled the Botticelli Venus at this moment, it was in her need for an attendant nymph to bring her the grateful shelter of a cloak. She looked round wildly, seeking cover for her bewildered embarrassment, and gulping out : " I'd better fetch the Manager," she hurried past Miss Brewster to Mr. Swann's office.

Miss Brewster watched her go. The whole shop swam for her in a hazy splendour of illumination. She was vindicated : Mr. Ambrose's old shop with the lithographs and the poker-work mottoes was vindicated—it was no more out of date than Mr. Swann's shop with the woodcuts and the Van Goghs and Cezannes. They were all, the Moderns of to-day and the Moderns of yesterday, sliding together to relentless oblivion. She need never feel inferior again.

AIR ROUTES OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

By C. J. Galpin

THE shores of the air lie at the gate of every city. Nature has made every town and village an air-side town. If we cannot as yet make full use of Nature's bounty, the fault is not in her but in ourselves. The task of 'civil aviation' is to find the means whereby this natural and universal condition may be turned to the best advantage of mankind.

When you fly over the foothills of a range of mountains, you can see very clearly from the contours of the ground why it is that the river takes the course it has, why villages and farms have been built where they are, how they shelter themselves from the weather, how they cluster round the cross-roads and near the water-way.

On such a bird's-eye view of the world, our first impression would be that for some time two main reservoirs of intense technical activity have been boiling and bubbling away, one in Western Europe and the other in the middle part of North America. These reservoirs have generated smaller cauldrons of the same kind of activity elsewhere, for example, in Australia, in Japan, and in Russia. Furthermore, they have from their own energy thrown out long tentacles across the countries, each in their own half of the globe up till now, but there are signs that they are reaching out towards one another across the two intervening oceans.

The first and most interesting of these tentacles is the long line running out of the South of Europe across the Mediterranean to the sands of Iraq and Persia, across the plains of India, and thence dividing, partly across the Dutch East Indies to Australia and New Zealand and partly to Indo-China and Hong Kong. This line is composed of three national elements, British, Dutch and French. Each was concerned with the problem of imperial communication. The Dutch needed a link with their colony

in the East Indies, and the French with theirs in Indo-China. We found it essential to the maintenance of our imperial structure that rapid communication should be provided between our interests in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, India, Burma, Malaya, Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand.

The strands composing this thread do not cling together at all points along the line. For example, the Dutch and the French strands pass along the Persian coast, whereas the British strand takes the opposite shore in Arabia. Similarly in India and Australia, preparations are being made for part of the British strand to divide and pass along a water route as distinct from a land one. None of the strands pass in the most direct way to the East—that is through Turkey.

The reasons for these divergencies are two-fold. In the case of Turkey, political resistance has prevented any of the three strands from gaining admission to the country. In the case of Persia, the same factor caused one of them to choose a less embarrassing route. The divergencies in India and Australia are technical, namely, because the British service is equipped as to a large part with flying boats instead of landplanes. For, whereas the nations may desire landplanes to link up their cities, the overriding need of the unified system which is called the Empire Air Mail Scheme is for a homogeneous form of equipment, which for reasons of economy and with an eye to future developments has been made aquatic.

Alexandria forms a convenient nodal point from which the British line can spring either eastward to Asia, as we have just been considering it, or southward down the line of British Protectorates and Mandated Territories to the Union of South Africa. This line has an important branch from Khartoum westwards across mid-Africa to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The main route is followed by no other line except the Italian which joins it in Egypt and leaves it in the Sudan to turn off into Abyssinia.

On this line, as in the preceding case, we observe a deviation of route—and for the same technical reason—which has constrained the aircraft of the Empire Air Mail Scheme to diverge at Kisumu and make for the coast, which they follow down to Durban, whereas the landplanes proper to the countries

concerned and serving their local needs, take the central route which leads from Kisumu overland to Johannesburg and Capetown.

The second line from Europe to Africa is composed of French and Belgian strands which emerging from Europe at Marseilles pass together down through Algeria, strike boldly across the Sahara Desert and (with a French offshoot to the West Coast) link the countries of their origin with the French and Belgian Congos. Here the Belgian strand terminates while the French goes on to Madagascar. The colonial implication of this line is as clear as in the previous cases.

From these three main arteries of traffic spring, as one might expect, capillary systems to meet more local needs, such as the system in South Africa and the East African territories, the system in India and the systems in Australia and in China.

The fourth line from Europe, made up of French and German strands, emerges from the Spanish Peninsula and passing down the West Coast of Africa, crosses the South Atlantic to Brazil where the French strand continues in conjunction with local lines and a line from the United States down to the Argentine. This line is not at present used by passengers across the ocean, but for mails alone. The French strand follows the coast of French Algeria, the German uses Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, which belong to Spain.

The fifth line, which runs from West to East across Russia, has not developed in quite the same way as the others, partly for reasons connected with Russia's economic development and partly by reason of the relative lack of remuneration at present along the route as compared with those passing through more active and diversified countries. It is clear that the country which lies between this route and the route passing through India and Burma, that is to say, the regions of Turkestan, Sinkiang and Tibet, with the great mountain formations which radiate west, north-east and south-east from the Pamirs, form natural barriers which greatly hinder the establishment of any central traffic route from west to east, following, say, a line drawn direct from England to Japan. Traffic must pass either north or south of these regions, which offer no hospitality to aviation and little to commerce, and, although it would be unwise

to prognosticate too closely, the advantages from the economic aspect appear to lie with the routes that run down the south coast of Europe and Asia rather than with the northern route. The latter, however, has the great asset of political unity.

The centre of activity is the United States. Founded in an industrial atmosphere charged with initiative and enterprise and well furnished with financial support, America first provided itself with internal services on which its early experiments in operation were made. The combination of so many countries into a single federal unit enabled experiments in long-range operation to be initiated and carried out with far greater ease than in the complicated political tangle of Europe, and United States lines reached down into South America partly through the internal technical impetus of the country and partly as couriers of its political and commercial friendships.

In the North, satisfactory relations with Canada enabled lines to be driven through to Alaska when the need arose. In Canada itself the demand for internal lines was stimulated by the intense activity across the border.

As soon as technical progress permitted, the only American company which had specialized in long flights overseas (Pan American Airways) interested itself in connecting this system with the European system to the East, and with the United States' territory of the Philippines which faced the rich markets of Asia.

It was inevitable that the two great reservoirs of activity should proceed to join, and the first junctions were not made direct, but indirectly through South America on one side and Hong Kong on the other. The airship alone among the technical equipment at our disposal proved itself capable of traversing long distances with comfort and safety, but this is bound to be treated as an exceptional activity at the present time, until we see how the technical future of the airship is going to work out, bearing in mind the great handicap to which it is now subject in the endeavour to avoid the risks involved by the use of inflammable gas. But, apart from this, the two centres are reaching out towards one another. The establishment of the air route across the Atlantic, the bridge which is to link the most active civilizations the world has yet seen, is in hand.

Let us examine the routes across the Atlantic in more detail. The shortest way across the sea is the direct route between Ireland and Newfoundland, and that is a natural fact which no amount of special pleading will overcome. So long as the burden of extra fuel entails the displacement of a corresponding amount of commercial load, this direct route will attract more traffic than any other. Its disadvantages are mainly meteorological; and that is not in allusion to the prevalence of fog in Newfoundland, which has been greatly exaggerated in popular conception, but to the general weather prevailing over the ocean. It is part of the problem, however, so to equip pilots and navigators with meteorological information and with the means of locating their position with accuracy from time to time, that they have ample margins of fuel and resources of information to enable them to avoid the worst of the weather on the way across; and in view of the success achieved this year he would be a bold man who would say that reliability on this route, almost up to the standard of the railway, is an impracticable ideal. It will be recollected that within the last generation the steamship at vast expenditure of skill and money has succeeded in only adding some twenty knots to its speed. The journey from London to New York is scheduled to take three hours under the five days by the Queen Mary, and it is at best questionable whether any great improvement is to be expected on this figure. The air service running even at present speeds would take less than one and a half days, and it is only at the beginning of development.

Further South in the centre of the Atlantic is another route running *via* the Azores and Bermuda. The Azores are rocky islands springing sheer from a great depth, and the provision of sheltered water for the alighting and taking-off of flying boats is a matter of great difficulty and expense. The French are reported to be examining the project of a land aerodrome which may prove the solution of the problem.

In the South Atlantic the routes from the Western point of Africa—Bathurst in the Gambia, or Dakar in French Senegal—across to Natal in Brazil have been used by French and German lines for some years, but only for the carriage of mails. A British thread is now being laid across this route, the first steps

in which has been the recently completed survey of the facilities between this country and Bathurst.

On the other side of the world, the Pacific Ocean, there are at present two main routes. The first runs from San Francisco to Honolulu and thence westward over the little islands under the sovereignty of the United States to Manila and Hong Kong. This service is one of the greatest achievements in long distance operation, involving as it does the single hop of 2,400 miles from the American coast to Honolulu.

From Honolulu as a junction United States enterprise has turned south-west to New Zealand, and it will not be long before this activity provokes its response. Discussions are already on foot between the British Governments concerned, with a view to co-operation in the successful exploitation of this route.

The interesting point about the Pacific route to New Zealand has been the sudden emergence of certain hitherto unwanted little islands into value and prominence. These islets, which are in effect little more than lagoons surrounded by a ring of coral, on which the sparse earth has accumulated, giving rise to low forms of vegetation, form admirable sheltered alighting places for flying boats. In some cases the lagoons are many miles in diameter, marshy in parts but in others sufficiently deep for navigation. Submerged coral heads have to be dynamited away, but after a cleaning-up process (which may of course prove expensive) a South Sea coral island can become a very satisfactory and hospitable airport.

This brief survey completes the world air routes as they stand to-day. Let us now refer to a few which are appearing over the horizon.

First, there is the interesting project of a North-about Pacific route from Canada across to Russia by way of Alaska and Siberia. It is in fact already complete except for two short links.

Then there is the ambitious project of linking Russia direct with Canada and the United States across the Polar regions. As we know, two successful flights have been carried out by Russian airmen, one of which secured the world's long distance record by the journey from Moscow to California (San Jacinto) a distance of approximately 6,300 miles. Disaster overcame the

third flight—for what reason we are unable to tell, but it is interesting to observe that Russian energy has not been diverted by this set-back.

Thirdly, there is the project of a route from Australia to Africa, passing through the Keeling Islands and the Seychelles, and joining up at Mombasa with the routes running north and west. This suggestion, which is actively sponsored in Australia, interesting as it is, appears somewhat premature at present, since there would hardly be sufficient traffic to justify a route so unremunerative along its course, while, at the same time, the established European route is running round the Northern shores of the Indian Ocean in competition with it. This would appear to be a useful secondary route which may develop as traffic grows.

South America might at some future date be linked with Asia by the route passing across the middle of Africa, from the West Coast Colonies to Khartoum, and thence via Aden to the Sultanate of Muscat and so to India.

We have seen the main trunk routes which have so far grown up, and short of some political catastrophe the chief centres of technical activity may be expected to remain much as they are now, that is to say, in Western Europe and the centre of America. On that foundation the routes at present laid down may be said to traverse the earth in the most practical way.

The development of the Trans-Atlantic route, however, has compelled us to study the means of achieving a long distance journey without intermediate landing. A great deal has been accomplished in this connection, in bringing nearer to perfection the wireless and meteorological services upon which air navigation depends. It would be reasonable to expect that the results of successfully bridging 2,000 miles of ocean in this particular instance will be capable of application elsewhere. It is, therefore, not too wild a dream to suppose that upon the present system of routes which form what we may call the " ordinary " service, there might be superimposed an " express " service, operating (say) at 300 m.p.h.—for the speed of yesterday's fighter is that of to-day's freighter—employing its aircraft economically over single distances of 1,700 to 2,500 miles. It would then be practicable to lay out an express system of long

hops in a kind of world network, binding the whole of the traffic system together, by great junction alighting places specially designed for the purposes of long distance aircraft.

The advantages conferred by such a system may be summarized as limiting travel to about one day from England to South Africa, two days to Australia, twelve hours from London to New York, eight hours across the American Continent, less than twenty-four hours from England to South America. From the big junctions radiate slower services, which are more economically run in small hops, so that no place would be more distant from a junction than 1,000 or 1,200 miles, say eight or ten hours flying.

What routes are likely to survive of those at present in existence or contemplation ? There is already almost completed a mid-world route which might form the main *autobahn* or chief trunk route of the future. This, starting from our own country, runs to Canada and the United States, across the Continent to Honolulu, from thence to Hong Kong, across Indo-China to India, and back to Europe either through Persia and Turkey, or through Egypt and across the Mediterranean.

From this route radiate the great arterial services from Burma to Australia, from Egypt to South Africa, from Europe and North America to South America, and from Hong Kong upward to China and Japan. Parallel to this one might envisage a secondary route from Europe across Russia, joining with Canada and thus back through Newfoundland to Great Britain.

We have passed out of the era of individual flight into the era of what may properly be styled " traffic." It is like passing from the time of the village carrier to the time of motor bus services. Regularity of air lines tends already to part company with the regularity of steamship services and to approximate to that of trains. The system of routes which I have tried to picture is partially filled in and remains to be completed by the corporate activity of mankind.

What we have now to consider comes nearer home. No one who views the prospect of a world-wide system of air routes with enthusiasm can keep from feeling that an essential condition of its realization is a larger measure of co-operation between people who are now competing. There are many tendencies

at the present time in aviation which lead to the hope that greater co-operation will become possible. Those who have studied the history of the steamship and railway services will admit, I think, that the policy of individualism and isolation was one that brought bitter lessons. It would be a mistake not to learn from that experience, and we are bound to confess that unregulated competition will in the end lead us nowhere. It is true that he who lays down the ground organization necessary for a world route must allow others to use it at a rental which will never repay him his capital, but the policy of throwing open facilities for the use of others reaps reciprocal benefits, and the time may soon come when the principle of freedom of the air will be found worth while not only politically but also commercially. In a form of transport so essentially and naturally international as aviation, international advantages must eventually persist over those which are purely national; and while I would not advocate the ideal of a world-wide, regimented uniformity, we would all welcome the advent of an active and vigorous corporate system, the qualities of which were rivalry without enmity, and combination without complacency.

It is impossible to conclude without asking what part our own country should play in such a future. Those who study present activities in the United States see a great new effort to press American services and ideas forward in all parts of the world.

There is the very interesting report of the United States Maritime Commission, published on 13th November, 1937, in which the Commission set out very clearly their conclusion that air travel is so serious a competitor to travel by liners of the highly expensive super class (such as the Queen Mary and the Normandie) that it is questionable whether, from the standpoint of public money, the former are not the better bargain. The Commission have not been content only to take aircraft as they exist to-day, but have had the vision also to refer their calculations to those types of machine which they feel they may reasonably expect to see within a few years' time; that is to say, they have taken a flying boat weighing about 100,000 lbs. and carrying 40 passengers for distances comparable with the Atlantic crossing, but they have also considered a flying boat

weighing 250,000 lbs. carrying 150 passengers for a like distance, which, in the opinion of their experts, is well within the bounds of possibility.

Then we should consider the specification for an aircraft which Pan-American Airways have sent out to a number of the best manufacturers of aircraft in the States.

The machine must carry 100 passengers with a crew of 16, and considerable quantities of mail, baggage and freight, over a range of 5,000 miles at a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour. The passengers must have comfortable accommodation, including dressing and dining rooms. It is to be counted an advantage if the aircraft is capable of operating at altitudes of about 20,000 feet without discomfort to the passengers, that is to say, that the hull must be airtight and the interior air pressure artificially maintained in the rarefied atmosphere of high altitudes.

Our rivalry with America need not be other than friendly; indeed both sides of the Atlantic are fully co-operating in a common endeavour to bridge the ocean, on lines which were laid down at the conference between the United Kingdom, Canada, Ireland and the United States at Washington in 1935 and strengthened by the recent conference of the same States at Dublin in March 1938. The British Government has, moreover, announced its intention of pursuing a long-range programme of development of aircraft for the future and of doubling the subsidy available for the exploitation of routes. With these encouraging signs we must press forward in our efforts. Our country is called upon to make its fair contribution, having regard to its wealth and its traditions, to the peace and welfare of the world by means of civil aviation, to take a leading and not a following place in international air traffic. It is a great thing to defend Peace, but better still to enrich her as well. We have between us the skill, the power, the resources and the genius to do both, if we will.

(This article is taken from a paper read by Mr. Galpin before the Royal Society of Arts on February 2nd, 1938.)

INN SIGNS

By Gerald Millar

THE inn sign is sharing in the renaissance of the inn. Anyone who travels by road will see a host of new signs, not only painted sheets or boards, but signs in cut-out metal and carved wood, in wrought iron and stone and concrete and glass. There is a return to the individual sign, patent to the house on which it hangs, and a flight from the unlovely and often downright hideous trade mark. Since between ninety-five and a hundred per cent. of inns are said to belong to brewers, the brewers are the main authors of this fashion. They are, it is true, reviving a kindly and deeply traditional custom ; but they and the bankers deserve well of the public, for in an age of subtraction they are adding to our amenities.

The inn is a landmark, from the Elephant and Castle or the Angel at Islington to the humbler " pub." Yet where is the elephant with a tower strapped to his back, and why does no haloed angel lift a fiery sword, neon-lit, over Islington ? Look at a London bus map and count the stops that are the names of public houses. They are legion. Their signs are being gradually restored to them. If you are told to get off at the Cherry Tree, you will not expect to find a tree that grew its last cherry a century ago. But you are entitled to a good sign—what better than a cherry tree ?—rather than to a board bearing the words : " The Cherry Tree : Messrs. Somebody's Sparkling Ales and Stouts." Country inns are part of everyday speech and direction : " I ran out of petrol just opposite The Fighting Cocks," " the floods are out beyond the Black Horse," " hounds are meeting at the Plough corner." A sign may epitomize home to the absent mind. A sergeant of the Suffolks was heard in the War exhorting one of his men to greater care : " keep yaour head down. Don't, you 'ont never see Martlesham Lion ne more."

The inn sign, to borrow the motto of the manufacturer of a celebrated motor car, is as old as the industry and as modern as the hour. Its modernity remains strictly traditional; though a surrealist be commissioned to paint *The Two Brewers*, he will be forced to conform to a design which is to be seen in the ruins of Pompeii. The inn sign cried its object before men could read. Now it perpetuates the local sense which fast travel is destroying. Its subjects may be national and easily interpreted or parochial and known only to the local antiquarians. Who else would know that *The Blue Cap* in Cheshire perpetuated a famous foxhound's memory or that an *All Angels* at the edge of what was once a heath that fringed London denoted that here the traveller called on all angels to protect him from the lurking highwayman? There is much guessing, particularly at corruptions. Many signs are wholly lost in conjecture. The *Bull and Mouth* is said originally to have been Boulogne Mouth, the *St. Peter's Finger*, St. Peter ad Vincula, the *Goat and Compasses*, God Encompasseth Us, the *Cat and Fiddle*, Le Chat Fidèle (perhaps a heraldic emblem like innumerable others that have no present significance) or possibly *Caton fidèle* (a Protestant of Mary Tudor's reign) and so *ad infinitum*. Many signs are known to date from the days of chivalry, others commemorate the monasteries that delegated the service of hospitality to the inn, the arms of a great family, royal manors or forests. Others are homelier. In all there is a peculiar simplicity. It persists. Only an inn sign could, without offence, describe King George V. as *The Ordinary Fellow*. Here is a headache for the antiquarian of the future who may have no access to the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon, in which he described the King talking of his Jubilee. King George was overwhelmed with the warmth of his reception: "After all, I am only an ordinary fellow."

You may be sure that nine people out of ten who say or write anything learned about inn signs are quoting or paraphrasing an extract from *The History of Signboards* by Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. Theirs is the appropriate classic, like Britten on clocks and watches or Robinson on gardening or Mrs. Beeton on cookery. Alas! their book after a dozen editions went out of print some forty years ago. It would be a

pious act to revive it. Messrs. Larwood and Hotten divided signs into groups, and one could not do better than imitate them. There is the royal group. Henry VIII. is a favourite—there is an admirable modern example at Hever Castle in Kent. It is after Holbein, and the burly figure (both back and front) is on framed glass. Elizabeth is to the fore. King Charles I. is to be seen, after van Dyck and surrounded by eight bells, in the King's Road, Chelsea. Charles II. provided the Royal Oak with many variations. Perhaps the crown may be superimposed on the tree; in a more modern version you may see Charles plain, his smile among the leaves as cynical as the Cheshire Cat's. The Georges, particularly Farmer George, figure freely. William IV. had a nautical jollity that became a sign. A mere King's Head gives scope for any monarch, real or mythical. Then there are Crowns innumerable (with Sceptre, Mitre, Anchor, Harp and so on). Above all there are the Arms and the emblems which the kings and queens adopted. The Green Man may be their or a great noble's verdurer (though he may also be an itinerant seller of herbs). The heraldic group is enormous. It may be purely armorial or may represent a family crest. The Bear and Ragged Staff was the Nevill crest; they may be together or separate. Red Lions, Greyhounds, Talbots (spotted dogs), Harts, Unicorns, Pelicans, Swans, Eagles, Dragons, Griffins, Bulls—these and many others were armorial emblems. Many represent the emblems of cities or guilds or crafts. Ecclesiastical or biblical: Cross Keys, Crosses, Angels, Trips to Jerusalem, Three Kings, Adams and Eves. The Virgin is said to have abounded, but to have been suppressed at the Reformation.

Animals and monsters; birds and flowers; fishes and insects; dignities, trades and professions; the house and the table; dress; historic and commemorative; geography and topography; humorous and comic; puns and rebuses; these are other groups which Messrs. Larwood and Hotten made. Yet even they were driven in the end to a "miscellaneous" group. Country sports and pastimes, the animals of the poor man's chase (hares, not rabbits), flowers and trees, the implements of agriculture, are perhaps the most familiar, lend themselves best to design, and are most easily loved. The great men who have

been admitted to this most exclusive Valhalla are curiously assorted. From the remote past Robin Hood wins, and sometimes Little John and Friar Tuck bear him company. Sailors are characteristically popular, notably Rodney and Benbow, as well as the greatest of them all. At Brancaster Staithe on the north Norfolk coast road you will see The Hero, but since it is a plain lettered board you will need to know that Nelson was born a mile or two inland. Wellington's nose, the bridge almost at right angles to his face, notably represents the army. He may be just The Duke. But why does the Marquis of Granby, a good but hardly great general of the eighteenth century, figure so freely? In 1864, it seems, he had eighteen signs in London alone. General Eliott of Gibraltar fame (with a varying number of l's and t's) must have caught the public imagination. Mr. Robert Graves evidently wondered why:

> The potman cannot well recall,
> The ostler never knew,
> Whether his day was Malplaquet,
> The Boyne or Waterloo. . . .
> And paint shall keep his buttons bright
> Though all the world's forgot
> Whether he died for England's pride
> By battle, or by pot.

Englishmen love a sporting eccentric, and at Atcham in Shropshire poor Squire Mytton, that mighty hunter and lover of horses who set fire to himself to cure the hiccups, is admirably commemorated. On one side of his sign (a modern one) he is discovering a mermaid in his tankard; on the other side the mermaid is taking a look at Mytton in her mirror. For later celebrities opportunity became more meagre and perhaps the native wealth of invention began to run dry. One thinks of countless ugly boxes of brick, many of them Railway Inns (or Taverns or Hotels). Lord Beaconsfield scored one board to himself and a Primrose in his honour. Mr. Gladstone failed. Of the great men of the War only Lord Haig appears. You will find him at Hounslow and perhaps you will recognize him more quickly there than on horseback in Whitehall.

There should be a group for what one might call "conceits," most characteristic of all and dearest to the genius. Such a conceit is the Five Alls, of which there is a modern edition at Chippenham in Wiltshire. Five figures stand side by side in

niches : originally they were a parson (I Pray for All), a lawyer (I Plead for All), a farmer (I Maintain All), King George III. (I Fight for All), and the devil (I Take All). A soldier may take the place of George the Third and a banker (I Pay for All) that of Beelzebub who has since been squeezed out. A more celebrated conceit is The Man Loaded With Mischief (" drawn by Experience, engraved by Sorrow "). The design is broadly the same in all three existing examples. A man groans under the weight of a woman who brandishes a glass labelled Gin and wears an air of mastery. A magpie is perched upon his right shoulder, an ape upon his left. Round his neck hangs a chain and a padlock marked Wedlock. Two cats quarrel to the left rear ; to the right a pawnbroker's shop is doing brisk business. And what a multitude of others there are, what a rich vein of the purest fun : *The Man in the Moon, The Cat and Custard Pot, The Shoulder of Mutton with Cucumbers, The Blackamoor's Head and Woolpack, The Rat's Castle, The Gate Hangs High, The Dusty Miller, The Experienced Fowler, The Intrepid Fox, The Roaring Donkey, The Ass in the Band-box, The Bull and Bedpost, The Live and Let Live, The Dewdrop Inn, The Ox and Compasses, The Sun in Splendour, The Case is Altered, The World Turned Upside Down.* What rivalry to Lear's Nonsense Rhymes and Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. And what opportunities for the artist!

Thanks to the Exhibition of Inn Signs which was held at the Building Centre in London during November of 1936, public interest and criticism have latterly been sharpened. This was the second show of its kind. The first was held in 1762 and Hogarth helped to make it a success. But the first exhibition came into rivalry with a more serious one of easel pictures, and there was an orgy of pamphleteering and back-chat in scurrilously precise language. The 1936 Exhibition suffered no such disadvantage. It was a pity that the Committee had months rather than years in which to scour the country, for there were disappointingly few " old masters," though the names of Hogarth, Old Crome and Morland appeared, perhaps a little tentatively, in the catalogue. But weather pays no more respect to a Hogarth or Stubbs than to the local sign-painter, and if Crome did paint the Man Loaded with Mischief later hands

must have serially touched him up. A David Cox which originally hung outside a Welsh inn had been irremovably enshrined inside. But owners were generous and old signs, if not "masters," were plentiful; some of the ancient City signs were lent, notably an enchanting Goose and Gridiron in carved wood and wrought iron; there were pictures and engravings of some of the heroic signs of the past, such as the fabulous arch which spanned the road opposite the great inn at Scole in Norfolk; there were photographs of the hounds that still hunt the fox (into a kennel) over the Cambridge road at Barley in Hertfordshire and of the exquisite carved and painted heraldic sign (the base of an oriel window) of the Swan Inn at Clare in Suffolk. There was enough to tickle the antiquarian sense. The old and the new were kept apart. It was a toss-up whether signs which were accustomed to hang in lonely emphasis would "mix." Happily, an illustrious poster artist spent an entire fortnight hanging the show and the result was incredibly successful. The fundamental humour and gusto of the inn sign were multiplied into a kind of nursery rhyme for grown-ups. Something of the English genius, something from Chaucer and *The Beggar's Opera* and Dickens and the ballads and the broadsheets, something spontaneously and gloriously low-brow, came startingly to life.

The most accomplished painter of easel pictures may be an inferior inn sign artist. The wheel has come full circle. Early signs were painted because people could not read. The modern sign must attract people who haven't time to read, who pass it at thirty miles an hour if it be in a "built-up area" or faster if not. Design is all-important. It must be well-balanced and sturdy, a firmly defined and happy arrangement of coloured shapes. Perspectives and light and shade, unless indicated in the most poster-like way, are best avoided. There is no room for *subtlety*. That is why heraldry, properly treated, is bound to succeed. It has a stark simplicity and the decorative value of an Italian primitive. The older the arms the simpler, for one at least of their first purposes was that a man might quickly recognize his friends or enemies in battle. Yet heraldry needs skill and a sense of decoration, particularly when intricacy is unavoidable. Mr. Ralph Ellis' *Richmond Arms* at Chichester,

and Mr. E. M. Dinkel's *Brocket Arms* near Welwyn, are notably successful examples; both are beautifully balanced and both glow with colour. Many heraldic signs of thirty or forty years ago are flat and lifeless. You have only to compare a Victorian royal coat of arms with one of the time of Charles II. or Queen Anne to see how drab and formalized it had become. A quickened sense of design has improved heraldry and the new inn signs reflect the change. Lettering is vastly important. Again, the simpler the better—no mock Gothic or "twiddly-bits."

Many artists of note are engaged on inn-signs. Mr. Ralph Ellis is a "whole time" painter of them. Forty-five signs and twenty-three sketch-designs of his were exhibited in London. Their range was impressive: Mr. Ellis appears to be equally at home with heraldic, antiquarian, realistic, decorative and even modernistic work. Some of his work may be seen in and around London, but most is in Sussex, which he has peopled with first-rate signs. Mr. E. M. Dinkel's signs, whether heraldic or decorative, have great distinction; they are mostly to be found in West Suffolk and Carlisle. Mr. Cosmo Clark, Mr. H. R. Hosking, Mr. Cecil King, Mr. Keith Henderson, Mr. Eric Newton and the late Mr. George Sheringham have painted admirable signs. A new series by Miss Herry Perry is now dotted over East London. Miss Gertrude Hermes' carving in low relief on the sign bracket of the Myllet Arms at Perivale, and Mr. Eric Kennington's sculptured signs at the Comet at Hatfield and the Nag's Head at Bishop's Stortford, are examples of modernistic success. But a name is not everything; a great deal of almost anonymous work of the highest standard is being done. A Norwich brewer's surveyor and a local artist have between them designed and executed signs of the highest merit. This is by no means the only example of a happy marriage of local talent. One of the most striking signs in the Exhibition, a pair of crossed keys in wrought iron gilded and acetelyne-welded, was made by a Dorchester blacksmith. A firm in Thanet gives all its work out to local students. Most inn signs are painted boards or more often weathered copper sheets painted in oils, varnished and sometimes protected by glazed and specially ventilated frames. But there is a great range of three-dimensional

exceptions. Supports are important, and wrought or bent iron is as highly regarded as ever. Wrought iron is extremely expensive and modern work is not so elaborate as the architectural smithcraft of the middle of the eighteenth century, of which the sign of the Three Swans at Market Harborough is a noble example. But there are some fine modern essays in wrought iron in and around Brighton. We shall never aspire to the lace-like delicacy of the work in the Tyrol, where whole scenes are depicted in gilded and painted metal. The projection of the Tyrolese signs is enormous and English by-laws frown somewhat forbiddingly on projection.

A word on atrocities. They need not be named; as Mr. Wodehouse would say, they rear their ugly heads. An unworthy practice is to hang lesser and usually undistinguished signs from the main sign or its supports. Trade marks need not qualify for the Chamber of Horrors: one owner at least has turned his mark into a thing of beauty. He made a rebus of his name and the result, in a small glazed plaque to the design of Mr. G. Kruger Gray, is a positive amenity to his part of East Anglia. The public has a grateful eye for such things, and other owners might profitably follow suit, notably a Midland brewer who brews celebrated beer and whose name needs no rebus for a plaque. Various owners cleverly indicate by uniformity of shape and style that the inn sign is theirs. A London brewer frames his boards uniformly with a chequered design which without detracting from the sign shows with sufficient emphasis that it belongs to him. *Ars est celare artem* is a good motto for trade marks.

Other charming embellishments should be commended: weather-vanes, window-boxes, ale-garlands. But let the sign come first. There is now a register of artists and designers at the Building Centre in New Bond Street. It was put there for owners to choose from, but everybody can see it. There is much lively work in it. The ancient craft is flourishing again. The more recruits, the more supporters the better.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

THE Berlin-Rome Axis has resisted a considerable strain. What exactly might have happened if Dr. Schnuschnigg had secured time to hold his plebiscite and had then made even a show of resistance, we cannot tell. But Germany moved with such speed and efficiency that inside of twenty-four hours the *Pickelhauben* were on the Brenner, receiving effusive greetings from Italian troops—who had seen them there before. How glad they were to see them again may be judged from a remarkable article in *Time & Tide* by that very clever observer, Mme. Odette Keun, who reports of a visit to Italy, where she found people choking with rage against the way in which they had been duped and bamboozled. However, it is not probable that Herr Hitler will place great reliance on Italian support for the future ; the Berlin-Rome axis has served his main purpose, and the northern end of it has indisputably got the better of the southern. If I have been rightly informed, when Signor Mussolini, as the well-established *Duce*, first met Herr Hitler, then only the incipient *Führer*, his reaction was one of sheer contemptuous aversion. Now the less civilized dictator has worsted the more civilized, for when the moment comes to play decisive cards, he has a tremendous thing in his hand. He has the military prestige acquired by Germany in the World War. Hitler's *Reich* has not fired a shot in battle, Mussolini's Italy has conducted a difficult campaign with unlooked-for success ; yet Italian troops would not think themselves able to face German troops on a footing of equality. Nor perhaps would any soldiers in Europe ; German discipline is so complete, German efficiency so thorough. There was probably no time in the war when the wire before the German trenches was not twice as strong as that in face of it—whether English or French

The Shadow of German Might

manned the trenches. Men and officers in the German force worked harder and more continuously in creating mechanical obstacles ; they were at least as skilful in the use of all weapons and at least as well led. Nobody doubts that the same would be true again. Only this has to be remembered, that so perfect an engine may break down suddenly and completely, as it did in the last war, on its first serious experience of defeat. The less disciplined, less compacted national forces, stood a great deal more hammering.

Czechoslovakia and Poland

Experience shows that when war breaks out between any two nations in Europe it spreads ; and we may fairly assume that Herr Hitler will not go where war is certain—as it would be in Czechoslovakia. But since he has now got control of Vienna, all Czechoslovakia's outlets to the sea must pass through either German or Polish territory. This gives a formidable prospect of economic pressure, because, unfortunately, Prague's relations with Poland are no better than with Germany. There is a trouble here much graver than that of the Sudeten Germans. Poles complain that in 1920 when Bolshevik Russia had almost overrun their country, the Czechs entered, occupied and held the district of Teschen, with its population of about 200,000 Poles. They complain further that no provision of separate schools is made for these people, no means to preserve their language and Polish spirit. If that be so, it is in marked contrast to the treatment which the Sudeten Germans receive, for they have their own university and a full system of secondary and higher education through German, and Germans receive a stipulated proportion of public employment. It is, of course, possible that the Czech Government may have decided to deal in one way with one element so large that its demands must be treated with consideration, while their intention was to absorb and assimilate the smaller, more manageable group.

None of us can be indifferent to these matters ; the independence of Czechoslovakia is a vital concern to civilized Europe—as is the independence and integrity of Poland. A better understanding with Poland would be of more value to Czechoslovakia than the compact with Russia, for it would ensure an outlet to the sea ; on the other hand, if that outlet

were freely utilized, Czechoslovakia would have an interest only second to Poland's in preserving the Polish corridor—which is not threatened, perhaps, to-day, but must be in danger unless both German policy and German nature undergo a complete transformation. All this will be apparent to any thinking man in Poland or in Czechoslovakia ; but nations, like individuals, are more influenced by their angers than by their interests. Dr. Hodza has promised an early and drastic review of the needs and desires felt by the minorities in the oddly-composed State which he and Dr. Benesh seek to bring into a harmonious fusion. No minority is more important politically than the Polish subjects of that State—whatever their numbers. We are all painfully conscious of the dangers threatening Europe because of open sores in this region : Teschen is one sore spot. And Dr. Hodza, if he can do anything to heal it, will deserve well of the world.

Meantime Poland has dealt somewhat drastically but effectively with another. For nearly a generation every road leading into Lithuania had been blocked, in resentment over Vilna, which the Poles held by much the same title as on their showing the Czechs hold Teschen. If it be true that Vilna, in Lithuanian territory, was Polish, just as Dantzig, in Polish territory, was German, then the facts explain themselves ; and there is at least hope that some of the old friendliness may in time revive ; for against Russian domination, Poles supported Lithuanians, Lithuanians supported Poles ; the two stood together, and Polish culture was welcome in Lithuania and widespread. Probably to-day the fury of nationalism in language repels it. But if roads are now open that were formerly closed, commerce flowing where commerce was violently cut off, between peoples who live next door—it is hard to doubt that the effect will be healing.

The lesser States of the Eastern Baltic coast lie between two dangers—Germany and Russia. These dangers are also deeply felt by Poland. Czechoslovakia, it appears, regards only the one as a menace. The root difficulty of the whole position is probably that Poland considers it necessary that Czechoslovakia should make a choice. 'If you are friends with Russia, if you depend on Russia for assistance, you can be no friends of ours'

is probably their attitude. One must only hope that Mr. Chamberlain, whose speech has been well received in Czechoslovakia, may be able to impress on the States in that unquiet region the desirability of settling disputes among themselves, while there is so much explosive material in their neighbourhood.

Bulls and Lambs

Modern resources enabled all Europe to listen while Herr Goering strained his lungs for two hours to an audience that roared back whenever he gave them the chance. It was impossible not to be reminded of a bull in his fenced field, pawing, snorting and bellowing. About the same time the Italian dictator gave a fine display of sabre-rattling and told his army that they were not for show; that their value was to be proved in a field worthy of it. It is reassuring to remember that in the months of June and July, 1914, there were no such bellowings; things happened very quietly, before the catastrophe. Still, when a bull makes these demonstrations, it is well to look to the fences. The German has showed himself a good judge of gaps that may be forced. But there remains to be reckoned with the German tendency for complete misjudgment, such as was shown over Belgium. They are capable of thinking that Mr. Chamberlain is a man in whom there is no core of resistance; and a good deal of contemporary English comment is likely to mislead them.

I have seen it said by one commentator that Mr. Chamberlain showed himself lacking in power to speak to the nation as Lord Baldwin used to do; that he lacked the large dignity, and lowered his tone by making party points. That is true. But I remember how movingly and convincingly Lord Baldwin spoke just before the nation was amazed at the surrender over Abyssinia. Mr. Chamberlain has given the impression of a man chiefly anxious to say no more than he can make good—but not of a man who will spend 1,500 million pounds for nothing. Yet neither he nor any politician can propose, what is the logical completion to such an outlay—a period of universal military service. Every free country in Europe accepts this as the price of its freedom, and by doing so they protect the British, who will not undertake that duty till war comes. It is to be hoped, again, that Mr. Chamberlain is taking measures to ensure that

in such a case national decision would be prompt, and the means to act upon it planned in advance.

The Danger from Spain

The Spanish danger increases as the war eats into Catalonia, for there must be many awkward incidents on the French frontier; and any clash between General Franco's troops or aeroplanes and French authorities will make new dissension in Paris. It is well to recall that M. Blum originated the policy of non-intervention; while Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office always insisted on the view that when Spain's civil war was over, the nations who had kept aloof from the struggle were more likely to be popular with Spaniards than those who kept out. No one doubts that the Germans will have secured valuable economic connections; but if we admit the German need for raw materials, this is not a thing to cry out against. The strategic menace to English power can only develop if territory is ceded, or if Spain is left absolutely under control of a Power hostile to England. Those who know Spain best seem to hold that neither Franco nor any other Spaniard dare cede territory, even if it should be his wish, and the other chance is contrary to Mr. Eden's forecast—which, of course, may be wrong. But those who are most alarmed concerning Mr. Chamberlain's direction blame him chiefly for parting with Mr. Eden. The real question is how far he has diverged from the line which Mr. Eden would have followed.

Simpler people may be contented to see any sign of an approaching end to this butchery, no matter to which side the victory goes. Yet we have all heard so much disagreeable about both sides that it is not possible to feel cheerful about the triumph of either.

A Remarkable Chinaman

There is, however, one theatre of war where an honest looker-on may take comfort, and that is China. On the day when these lines are written, news comes of a very grave reverse to the Japanese forces in Shantung; and it is only the culmination to a series of actions—bearing out fully what was reported and predicted lately by a remarkable Chinese ecclesiastic, the Catholic bishop of Nanking. This gentleman, after he had experienced in his diocesan city the full savagery of bombardment, was sent to report on the situation at the Vatican, and from there he set out to inform

whatever European centres he could reach. Many connections commended a visit to Ireland, where his personality impressed itself powerfully on all who met him ; a big frank upstanding man, Manchurian born, but educated among Southerners at Shanghai. What he had to say came to this—that the war had created a new China. It had given unity of purpose to that enormous mass of humanity which was already united by a very ancient culture. It had stirred the whole people, who hate war, but have decided that the only choice lies between war and slavery. Resources in men are endless, the Government can choose where to levy their recruits ; and they levy only that what they can train. But three millions are kept under training, and ten thousand officers. Armament they can get because they can pay cash for it; no country supplies so much of it as Germany. The man at the head of this national resistance, Chiang-Kai-Sek, we were told, had proved himself both as statesman and as soldier ; he had been through so many dangers that other generals thought his life must be under special protection. According to the bishop, the moment when he really came into full command of China was before the war when a mutinous general by treachery made him prisoner—as had happened so often before in Chinese history. But this time the stronger will and the prestige of authority asserted itself; treachery dared not go through with its work ; the unity of command was recognized. That, possibly, is why the Japanese struck when they did ; they thought they could break up this unity by violence before the mould was set. If the bishop is right, they have consolidated it; and events seem to bear out his forecast.

It is said indeed that the Chinese temperament is over-sanguine. That may be why this obviously very able man counts it not possible, not probable, but certain, that Japan will be defeated. Significantly enough, in that branch of war where individual prowess can still become manifest by single combat, the Chinese feel themselves the masters. They may be out-numbered and outclassed in machines but they reckon their pilots to be cooler and abler than the Japanese ; and whoever spent their days of assault in Nanking had ample chance to observe.

I could not but notice that the man who was talking to me would have seemed noticeably big and athletic in any group,

say of University oarsmen; but his hands were small and dexterous, as some artist's might be. That makes a formidable combination for conflict in which delicate machinery has to be handled with swift precision. Hitler and Mussolini have undoubtedly developed the will to war among Germans and Italians; but if Chiang-Kai-Sek has accomplished this among the Chinese, his achievement has a very different importance from theirs.

Some Irish Personalities

In Ireland Mr. de Valera has provided us with a Senate, designed to be "vocational." At the head of the "cultural panel" was returned with a triumphant ascendancy of votes a well-known trainer at the Curragh. It sounds odd; but Senator Parkinson was a senator before, and is a very shrewd judge of men as well as of horses; and horse-breeding is probably the thing of all others in which Ireland excels. But there were a good many candidates who did not get even one vote that I should have liked to see on the Senate—notably Mr. Wylie, distinguished as a singularly efficient judge in the Law Courts, who is also one of the highest authorities on horses and horsemanship. Mr. de Valera had the opportunity to redress the mistakes of vote, for eleven seats in sixty were filled by the President's nomination after the voting was over; and he put in Sir John Keane, an ex-Unionist and soldier of distinction who has never ceased to occupy himself with Irish affairs. But apart from this, his choice fell on veterans of the language movement and the republican movement. Douglas Hyde, father of the Gaelic League, is brought back into public life; so is George Moore's brother, Colonel Maurice Moore, an old Connaught Ranger, and author of one of the best books of its kind, "Memoirs of an Irish Gentleman," the biography of his father George Henry Moore, a singular combination of student, steeplechaser rider, landlord, nationalist, politician, and advocate of physical force.

Literary Reputations

There is ebb and flow in literary repute, and a period of obscuration always follows after a popular author's death. The question then is, whether there can be a come-back. Jane Austen's fame which was late in spreading has maintained itself I think with less fluctuation than any other of its rivals; she has the reward of delicate,

finished, unhurried art. Scott, the great forerunner, suffers from a lack of these virtues, as has been most admirably shown in a penetrating essay by Lord David Cecil, which does not fail to recognize that when Scott is at his best, he is better than almost anybody. The Brontës, Jane Austen's contemporaries, have always had partisans; the violent fire in those repressed and half-starved natures has never ceased to be felt. Dickens, while he lived, was too much alive ever to go dead. One cannot say that of Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" is certainly among the world's greatest novels, and "Esmond" in a different manner can defy time; but who would say as much now of "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes"? Trollope is a good instance of the return to favour; he remains just as reliable and as English as the well-roasted leg of mutton.

But George Eliot who in her day ranked with the great ones of the mid-Victorian age—what has become of her? Asking myself if she was not due for a return to vogue, I took up *Middlemarch*, which according to my recollection showed her at her best. It was a sad disappointment; and yet how much talent was there! How much keen satiric observation, and power to bring her personages livingly on the scene! Unhappily, that applies only to the secondary characters, who cannot be fully presented; they appear only as "humours" in the Elizabethan sense, showing off the same qualities in scene after scene, like persons repeatedly met in some drawing-room; while those about whose fortunes the complicated story develops, Dorothea Brooke herself, the central figure, Lydgate the doctor, and Fred Viney, might as well be cut out in cardboard. As to Mr. Casaubon, the elderly scholar whom Dorothea first marries, he is only remembered because he was taken to be a caricature of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln; and the sketch has no substance of knowledge behind it. But Mr. Brooke, Dorothea's fussy uncle, the country squire with no country aptitudes, but a country position to keep up, is a live portrait. His pretensions to culture, his incoherent discourse about all the things in literature and art that he had "gone pretty far into," make the light side of a good satirical study. The darker shows a bad landlord, mean about money, and not even man enough to

stand up to a drunken tenant who abuses him. The best things in the book, however, are two studies of women, Celia Brooke, Dorothea's sister, shrewd in a bird-witted way—Miss Austen could not have done her better—and Lydgate's wife Rosamond, who is relentlessly drawn; pretty and placid, imperturbably selfish, a most respectable and decorative millstone about her man's neck. There is a range of observation here outside Jane Austen's compass—just as there is in the powerful picture of grasping relatives about a miser's death-bed. But all these excellences are smothered in floods of moralizing comment—which could indeed be matched in Thackeray; but even in his moralizing Thackeray had a lighter touch than George Eliot, who is, personally, one of the least attractive among moralizing authors. Trollope's excursions in this kind have no distinction; but one cannot help liking Trollope; and it is very hard indeed, in reading George Eliot, to keep from saying, 'This woman is a prig'.

Norwegian's Adventure

An author's personality does not admit of precise literary valuation; it is a sort of ultimate fact, like the colour of his eyes; but nothing affects one's enjoyment more. Many cannot read "Tristram Shandy" because they cannot stand Sterne; the same is true about Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." On the other hand books that have no very clear literary merit may be delightful because of the writer who is felt as a companion. I have just been reading one that is a good case in point—a story of adventurous life far north in Canada, told by the young Norwegian who lived it. Mr. Helge Ingstad grew bored with being a barrister and set out to try a complete change of life as a trapper and hunter in Canada. He spent three complete changes of the seasons there, first with one white companion, and next with a tribe of Indians, sharing their existence from month to month, until it became clear to him that he was expected to marry a daughter of the tribe if he stayed longer. The third year, from summer through the winter, he was alone with his team of dogs, settled happily by a lake in a valley where the reindeer and the wolves were daily and nightly about his quarters.

His jumping-off place was Edmonton, where he and his

comrade bought their outfit. Train first, then paddle stream took them to Fitzgerald, on the Great Slave River, and they had to earn enough money to complete their outfit by work at a sawmill while waiting for the ice to melt. Then they shoved off into the Great Salt Lake, east of which lay forest, and beyond the forest, the bare tundra. In the forest if game could not be met you might starve ; in the tundra, you might not even find wood for a fire. I do not know when I have read anything more agreeable than this explorer's account of the animals that he watched—the vast herds of cariboo whose migrations govern the movements of Indian life—but also moose, bears, beavers (an enchanting description), wolves, known familiarly, but above all his dogs. The pleasantest part of all is the last, when he was settled where game was so plenty that he could treat creatures about his camping ground as fellow citizens, and sacrosanct. What he has to say of the Indians is probably not new, but it is detailed and intimate observation of a vanishing race, that still lived as it had lived for all time, that still knew the use of bow and arrow and could chip a flint arrow-head, but had over it the shadow of certain extinction. For when Mr. Ingstad went back for the third time to sell his furs at the Hudson Bay Company stores in Fort Resolution, there was a passage available by aeroplane to Edmonton ; and he and others took it. " The waste land of the North will be conquered from the air," he says, for the hunt is now after yellow metal ; and people talk of "plane" as naturally as they used to talk of " dogs." This book *Mes Chasses dans la Toundra Canadienne* should be translated into English. Two ladies had done the French rendering which I read : one of these, Madame Chevalley, assisted her husband in preparing the Oxford French Dictionary and evidently acquired in the process a vocabulary of singular richness and sap. It will tax the best English translator to turn out another version of equal spirit and merit.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE WORKLESS

By Hugh Massingham

MEN WITHOUT WORK—A Report made to the Pilgrim Trust. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY, by Ronald C. Davison. *Longmans Green* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Men Without Work is the first painstaking analysis of the human effects of unemployment since Mr. Bakke published his study in 1933. Mr. Bakke's book was based on what he saw while living for a year as a member of a working-class family in a typical area, and plainly could not pretend to be exhaustive, valuable as his analysis was. The present work is far more detailed and deals with what the authors call the "long unemployed"—men who have been continuously out of work for more than a year. Their investigation has been in six towns, which they claim are representative of England and Wales—Deptford, Leicester, Liverpool, Blackburn, Crook, and the Rhondda. It is a pity that they did not include Tyneside, which is a shipbuilding area and where men have been out of work ever since the depression began after the War. The choice otherwise is excellent, for in each town there is a problem peculiar to the locality. The book brings out the differences very clearly—the difference between the Rhondda, where the men have developed a unique self-pity, and Crook another depressed area, where the people still retain a feeling of independence and a determination not to give way to unemployment. The self-deception that one finds in the Rhondda area is extraordinary. When I was there, man after man would tell me that he had no desire to work "because, you see, I lead a fuller life now than ever I did before." One man actually said that he thought it would be "wrong" to work again on the ground that he might be putting somebody else out of employment—an obvious piece of blarney.

There is also another attitude that is not peculiar to the Rhondda but is probably more widespread there than anywhere else. You find an alarming feeling that it is the duty of the State to maintain the unemployed but no sense of any duty in return. The authors rightly emphasize the serious danger of such an attitude—not least from the administrative point of view.

At first sight the plight of the men in Crook and the Rhondda might seem to be infinitely worse than that of those in the more prosperous Deptford, where at least there is a good prospect of work. But there is a sense in which this is not so. In the Rhondda a man who has been long out of work has at least a feeling of being in communion

with his fellows, for in the Rhondda unemployment is the rule and not the exception. In Deptford he is a pariah. There is consequently often an intense desire to conceal unemployment, especially with the man who is living on one of the new housing estates where his neighbours are generally fairly well-to-do. Unemployment becomes, as this report points out, "something of which many men are ashamed, even when it is no fault of their own, and the man who succeeds for years in concealing from his friends that he is out of work must be concerned pretty deeply to conceal it." In another part of the book the authors attest another aspect of the same fact when they say that in Leicester more than a fifth of the long unemployed could not bring themselves to accept the fact that they would probably never work again, whereas in the Rhondda the figure was less than a tenth.

Neither the authors of this book nor anybody else can lay down any precise rule as to what the inevitable effects of long unemployment will be. Individuals do not feel alike. On the other hand certain broad facts are undoubtedly very common—for instance, the effects on the mothers. The woman naturally tends to deny herself food for the sake of her children, and the result is that "there are many cases where serious ill-health and major illnesses have arisen directly as a consequence of undernourishment." From the human point of view there is the still more tragic antagonism that grows up in a family where some are in work and some out of work. The man feels a drag and a liability; the children who contribute resent parting with a proportion of their wages. The husband is in a constant state of nerves. "When he was out of work," said one wife, "we were always having rows over the children. He would never let them do anything. It's much better now he is in work." There is the inevitable feeling of loneliness. "When you're working," said one man, "you feel like a cog in a machine. When you're out, you feel that no one has any use for you, and to see your wife busy makes you feel ashamed." These are some of the more obviously tragic wages of unemployment.

As for malingering, no one denies that there is the young man whose "ideal seems to be to send his wife out to work." At the same time can one really blame the man who finds he can get more from the Labour Exchange, which takes into account the number of his dependents, than from an employer, who takes no account of his dependents—and so decides to stay where he is? Some day that fact will have to be tackled by Parliament. As the authors point out, the wages in some industries are so low that they can hardly expect to attract a man who is living in security on State funds. An illuminating instance, among many in this book is a Liverpool girl of 18 who was working for 10/- a week, and not unnaturally regarded "unemployment assistance as a tolerable alternative."

Mr. Ronald Davison has made himself by unremitting labour the foremost authority on the mechanics of British unemployment remedies. His book forms a useful complement to the first-hand evidence furnished by the Pilgrim Trust. It does not limit itself, of course, to the "long-unemployed." Policy has to take account of all classes of persons driven out of employment, and in many cases a decent community life. *British Unemployment Policy* is an account of our methods since 1930. It is largely technical, and the author is to be congratulated on giving so fair a summary of the facts and so shrewd a comment on them.

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THE EUROPEAN CAULDRON

By W. Horsfall Carter

INSANITY FAIR, by Douglas Reed. *Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

OURSELVES AND GERMANY, by the Marquess of Londonderry. *Robert Hale*. 5*s*.

I KNEW HITLER, by Kurt G. W. Ludecke. *Jarrolds*. 10*s*.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY OF EUROPE, by Major-General A. C. Temperley. With a Foreword by Anthony Eden. *Collins*. 15*s*.

EUROPE AT THE CROSS-ROADS, by Hugh Sellon. *Hutchinson*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A cauldron in which the broth of nationalism is perpetually simmering and occasionally boiling over—that is the only image which can do justice to the Europe of our time. No one has better caught and conveyed this atmosphere than Mr. Douglas Reed. First for six years or so in the Berlin Office of *The Times*, then as its very able correspondent in Vienna—with an interval of accompanying Mr. Eden to Moscow and Warsaw, a jaunt through South-Eastern Europe and a look-in at Stresa—this man has seen the devils' brew at closer quarters perhaps than any other living person. His business as a journalist has been to report and interpret the news, not to have opinions. All the more damning therefore is his circumstantial evidence of the pathological condition, the paranoia of contemporary Germany: all the more impressive his denunciation of the criminal folly of any policy that can be construed as truckling to the Nazi bully. The book is in the main autobiographical, and a fine piece of vigorous writing it is.

Herr Ludecke's volume comes pat to the occasion to substantiate and underline Mr. Reed's verdict. The author is a renegrade Nazi, a man who was prominent in the Movement from 1922 onwards, qualified by an adventurous globe-trotting youth, as none of the others were, to promote the cause abroad. It was he who prevailed upon Herr Hitler to let him establish contact with Benito Mussolini on the eve of Fascism's triumph in Italy and who tried in vain to enlist the support of Henry Ford. In 1933-34 as an adherent of the ideas for which Roehm and Gregor Strasser were subsequently put away Herr Ludecke fell under suspicion, and endured a grim period of imprisonment in a concentration camp before getting away to the safety of the American continent. The man himself is a fair specimen of the shiftless, unprincipled types that are the staple of National Socialism, and all the principals whose names are now household words are revealed here in undress, so to speak. Allowing for a tendency to romance and sometimes a cavalier attitude to facts, one must hail this as invaluable source material on the rise of Hitlerism.

Mr. Reed, too, knows these 'toughs' who have such a firm grasp of the levers of power—"lustful, savage, sadistic, virile, resolute" men, suffering, as it were, from "incurable trench fever," utterly unscrupulous and, above all, consumed with a deep hatred of England—the real obstacle to German world domination. Under the Nazi harrow the masses of the German people, who during the Weimar period, had a whiff of freedom, thanks to the much-maligned Treaty of Versailles, have become again "a nation of conscripts, bondmen, yes-men . . ."

Yet you still find men of influence and position in this country who declare that we must "join hands with Germany . . . if not in complete co-operation, at least in friendly understanding." As well offer cats' meat to a tiger!

Here is Lord Londonderry emitting this moonbeam of the larger lunacy. Of course he has no experience of living in Nazi Germany, no means of knowing the gangsters who now have the power. A visit to Goering and a talk with Hitler (and, needless to say, he does not know the language)—that is the sum-total of his first-hand knowledge. Actually, to be fair to the noble marquess, his little *plaidoyer* is less compact of sentimental slush than one might have expected. In a postscript he describes Hitler's *coup* in Austria as a "dangerous action . . . hardly distinguishable from war itself" and suggests that any such *mainmise* on Czechoslovakia must be met with force.

One begins to see what lies behind the adherence of some of our patrician elements to the 'conciliate Germany' school. Lord Londonderry, for instance, readily concedes that Germany is the storm-centre—though how it has all happened he doesn't quite understand, except, of course, that it is France's fault (that characteristic British sentiment which Nöel Coward has hit off in his 'There's always something fishy about the French') It is in order to ensure, as he hopes, that the storm shall pass by this bright little, tight little island that he recommends a kind of Anglo-German condominium—German hegemony in Europe in return for the continued predominance of Britain as a world Power. Along with this short-sighted, old-fashioned patriotism goes a highly developed property-sense which makes Lord Londonderry and his like hyper-conscious of Bolshevism—and only too delighted to use this pet smoke-screen of the Nazis. "*The anti-Communist platform,*" he says, "*was—and still is—invaluable.*" Apart from betraying a hankering after a Four-Power Pact which would obviously be a kind of Holy Alliance against Russia—the secret aim of our witless pro-Germans—he comes out with the ineffable remark in reference to Spain that Great Britain has been "throwing in its weight under non-intervention on the side of the Reds." If he can believe that, he can believe anything!

Major-General Temperley, too, who has trodden the weary years of the Disarmament Conference, sees Germany as the heart of the problem. That Conference, he considers, was doomed from the beginning, it should have been an assembly of plenipotentiaries to try and settle all issues arising out of the Peace Treaties. He pleads even now for a 'settlement' with the *Reich*. But he has no great illusions. His record of the period when he was chief Military Adviser to H.M.G. at Geneva is full and balanced—without contributing anything new or sensational. What is novel—and important—is the author's vivid awareness of the tremendous strain now put upon the traditional machinery of government in a democratic country like ours: "we are reaching the dangerous position," he says, "when the men who have to make a decision no longer have the time to consider the issues involved." And unfortunately they haven't all the somnambulistic faculty which these days seems so effective!

General Temperley is quite prepared, in the interests of a quiet life, to give back to Germany her colonies. Lord Londonderry hates the idea of it, but would give the suggestion favourable consideration. Mr. Hugh Sellon, a young Conservative lecturer, sees in some such instalment of conciliation Europe's one salvation. Specifically he rejects the policy of the Grand Alliance, sponsored by Mr. Churchill, on the ground that it would make peaceful revision in Central and Eastern Europe impossible. It is to be feared that Mr. Sellon, who has otherwise written an admirable 'academic' book, is unconscious of the living dynamics of the present international situation. His interpretation of British policy

in regard to Europe is eminently sound—in theory—but his plea for toleration has been completely outdistanced by events. Indeed, the forces now released on the Continent are such that a detached and impartial survey of this kind now reads as—in the Italian phrase—*roba del altro mondo*.

Still, anyone wishing to appreciate the values of what is known as European civilization before the twilight descends upon us could not do better than gaze at the panorama spread before him by Mr. Sellon. Because the author has the rare faculty of entering into the life and spiritual experience of the principal nations—France, Italy, Germany—the book is incomparably superior to any other as a mirror of the mind and mood of post-War Europe. (Only in reference to Spain does the author nod—from too close an association with interested 'Catholic' propagandists or shocked English gentlemen with no knowledge of the background of the present Spanish strife.)

A chapter on the League is replete with good sense. And it is a treat to have—from a Conservative—the recognition that there is no way out of the League dilemma except by abandoning the conception of the sovereign State. Finally, Mr. Sellon rings the bell when he warns us that, while the way forward must be along the lines of regional operation of Covenant principles—specifically federal union of Europe—we shall not make much progress towards that new and necessary polity until there exists a spiritual lodestar as potent as Christianity once was and as is the nationalist frenzy of to-day.

MOZART, by W. J. Turner. *Gollancz*. 16*s*.

The creative artist in W. J. Turner discerns in Mozart the man that which is lost to other critics behind Mozart the musician. Perhaps I can best illustrate Mr. Turner's advantage by quoting what he says, incidentally, about Giotto :—

> "Giotto is a primitive Italian painter who painted his pictures before artists properly understood the 'laws of perspective'; but Giotto is nevertheless one of the greatest of all painters, and the knowledge of the laws of perspective is not worth a damn to a painter and has nothing to do with the creative art of painting. It is a subject for lectures on painting, not for painters."

No academician can be expected to agree with this, much less to allow that herein lies the reason why Mr. Turner has the pull over him when it comes to writing an interpretative study. Being himself an artist, he is not so much concerned with academics (i.e., "the laws of perspective") as with experience (i.e., "the creative art of painting," or music, or whatever). And this is just what makes his writings upon music so provocative that, wherever musicians are gathered together, the mere mention of his name is enough to set them at one another's throats.

It is futile to complain, therefore, that the present book is deficient in musical examples or does not give sufficient

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JOHN MURRAY

space to analyses of Mozart's music. Its importance consists primarily in its fresh and unhindered interpretation of the man. This has been achieved with a thoroughness unequalled in the English literature upon the subject. The manifold letters that were written either by Mozart himself or by his father have been translated anew by Mr. Turner, whilst the comprehensive foreign bibliography at the end of the book shows with what thoroughness he has studied original sources.

"I am not careless," wrote the young composer in one of those sane, self-understanding letters to his father at the time when the latter, lagging behind the development of his son, could see cause for nothing but despair in the way things were going: "I am only prepared for everything and so can wait with patience and endure all—provided my honour and good name of Mozart do not suffer. . . . Whatever happens it is all right if only one is healthy; for happiness consists—entirely in the imagination." And there, rightly understood, we have the Mozart that finally emerges from Mr. Turner's pages: a man of good sense, serious, yet fond of fun, religious, compassionate, yet ruthless whenever the truth of the imagination (Blake's Holy Ghost) was at stake—in short "a wholly superior man." Genius is neither wholly heaven-sent inspiration nor only infinite capacity for taking pains; and Mr. Turner does well, in studying the life of this man of "truly Shakespearean nature" to stress the fact that Mozart's genius was accompanied by an enormous physical vitality. Even so, this physical vitality was not enough to bear the strain of so vast an output achieved in circumstances of almost continual poverty: Mozart died at the age of thirty-five (as Barraut's 1905 diagnosis, unearthed by Mr. Turner and printed at the end of his book, persuades us) of Bright's Disease—"and if one considers his extreme weakness when he felt the first attacks of this malady one can readily understand that the disease only took six months to exterminate a man who, throughout his life, had been obliged to fight . . . in order to have bread to eat."

As was to be expected of a critic of so unimpaired a mind, Mr. Turner also has some original comments to make upon the music itself. Of these the most deserving attention, perhaps, are his contention that *Idomeneo*, contrary to accepted notions, "is a work written in a white heat of artistic passion and belongs to the class of works which a great genius can only create in the first flowering of his maturity before too much and too long endured bitter experience has cast a shadow upon the bloom of his imagination," and his well-substantiated claim that *Cosi fan Tutte*, so far from being the artificial comedy it is usually presented as being, is a tragi-comedy that "neither idealizes nor sentimentalizes nor falsifies the reality and the depth of human feelings—especially in the sex-relationship between normal young men and women."

C. HENRY WARREN.

FLYING FOX AND DRIFTING SAND. The Adventures of a Biologist in Australia. By Francis Ratcliffe. Many Illustrations. *Chatto and Windus*. 16*s*.

It used to be said that a politician who was a wit might fill the House of Commons, but never would be taken seriously. I seem to have noticed that biological memoirs and reports receive attention almost in a proportion inverse to the literary skill with which they have been written. Mr. Francis Ratcliffe was a pupil of Dr. Julian Huxley at Oxford and devoted himself to economic biology. He has spent two successive periods in Australia studying two problems of major economic importance and has now given an account of the scenery, people, animals and plants which formed the setting of his problems so vivid and engaging that the solid value of his work may be overlooked.

The first problem, over which he spent two years, was the flying fox or fruit-bat, of which there are four species, all intruders from the tropics

and natural inhabitants of the jungle where their food consists of wild fruits. He believes, as a result of his investigations, that they have changed their habits in two respects. They have learned to feed on the honied inflorescences of eucalyptus, indeed to prefer that food to wild or cultivated fruits. They have also learned seasonal migration, and reach far from the lush tropical jungles of coastal Queensland into the arid interior, and south even to the confines of Victoria, returning in winter. Under these conditions they have flourished exceedingly, and now exist in incredible numbers, far beyond the possibility of exterminating them. Fortunately for fruit-growers, however, the fruit-bats prefer flowers to fruit, and in the case of fruit, prefer it when it is over-ripe, whereas the growers pluck and market it before it is quite ripe. Moreover, Mr. Radcliffe thinks that the pest will gradually diminish with the destruction of the eucalyptus trees.

The second problem was to report on erosion and soil-drift in the more arid parts of South Australia. Fortunately his conclusions have been extracted from his charming narrative, and set forth in pessimistic gravity in an "epilogue." The greater part of the sheep-country affected by erosion once carried a dominant saltbush vegetation, but this has disappeared because it has been eaten out by stock during the recurring times of drought to which Australia seems doomed. Rabbits did not actually destroy the saltbush, but drove the stock on it, by themselves eating off the shorter-lived vegetation. The winds in time of drought and afterwards blow the surface soil away, replacing it by sand, so that the areas have been changed to an extent which makes impossible the re-establishment of the permanent vegetation even were the time given it to recuperate. The only possible chance for the pastoral country would be for the stock to be in equilibrium with the vegetation, that is to say, it must permit complete recovery of the plants which are periodically overgrazed. Deterioration, erosion and drift will increase with each recurring drought, unless such an equilibrium exists. Since writing his original report, Mr. Radcliffe has given a careful re-consideration to the subject, and reluctantly has come to the conclusion that the fodder reserve of the semi-desert country is nowhere sufficient to stand up to the strain placed on it by pastoral settlement. The head of stock must be reduced to a level far below the present numbers.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

FOUNDATIONS OF AUSTRALIA, by Dr. O'Brien. *Sheed & Ward.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

PHILLIP OF AUSTRALIA, by the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

A Harrovian recently told me that he had been taught to exclude Australia from his studies with the phrase, "Happy is the land that has no history." Since then his work has led him to learn much about the Empire, Australia this time included. He is still dumbfounded by the Nelson-like attitude of his late instructor.

If historians turn a blind eye to the squalor and misery of Australia's early years, it is not surprising that the public remain blandly unaware of them. There is a vague recollection that Australia was (and maybe is) disreputable. Convicts, bushrangers, and tough "Diggers" these epitomize the popular conception of the Antipodes, as it is still called with aloof courtesy.

Dr. O'Brien, and the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw who for literary purposes become one flesh, have rendered a public service by exposing to later generations the drab story of Australia's foundation, and by allowing those who will to infer the great achievement that has created the modern Commonwealth from such unpromising origins.

Dr. O'Brien's *Foundations of Australia* is a scientific study of British criminal law and practice. The bulk of his book is concerned with the system of transportation, which was revived by Government to deal with overcrowding in prisons, ashore and afloat, after the North American

plantations were no longer available for criminals. The Australian ssytem differed from the American because Government was unable to hand over convicts in New South Wales to owners of plantations, and so be free of further responsibility. The penal settlement at Port Jackson remained perforce a charge upon the Treasury, and a recurrent burden to Secretaries of State. It became even more a nightmare problem of government to those who were called upon to administer it.

Dr. O'Brien traces the development of this system from its murky beginnings in the prison hulks on the Thames and the packed jails of Ireland with a detachment that the Misses Barnard and Eldershaw do not pretend to affect. His story emerges clearly from a choking mass of materials, and preserves throughout a serene and judicious balance. His writing combines a tolerant wisdom with historical scrupulousness.

Misses Barnard and Eldershaw approach their task from a different angle. Their book has primarily a topical appeal. Its title *Phillip of Australia*, and its date of publication, 1938, are determined by the 150th anniversary of Australia's foundation, which is still being celebrated down south. In addition to this, it is essentially a tribute to Phillip himself, and has a personal note not to be found in Dr. O'Brien's book.

It is no discredit to the two ladies to notice at once how faithfully they have followed the tradition of the late Professor Wood to whom their book is dedicated. No one has exceeded the devotion and generous enthusiasm of Wood in rehabilitating the half-forgotten figures of Australia's first years; and, perhaps, few have been more trenchant in condemning the tainted and inhuman methods of colonization under which Phillip and his successors had to struggle.

Misses Barnard and Eldershaw have not fully succeeded in blending their emotions with their high conception of historical responsibility. Their best writing is when their emotions have free play. The returning onset of scholarly gravity makes them inclined to be stilted; and their tireless documentation becomes an annoyance to the reader, who would like at least half the copious quotations back in the Mitchell Library.

Nevertheless, the two books score from their differences of treatment. Dr. O'Brien's narrative is necessarily less vivid than that of the ladies, and the refreshment of personal detail is not to be despised. In this sense the two books are complementary. Those who are interested in Australia will read both; and those whose time and inclination will only extend to one will find the essentials of the story in either. It is to be hoped in any case that they will want to read more about an Empire which so often seems to be kept, however won, in absence of mind.

W. F. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

CHINA AND JAPAN. Information Department Papers, No. 21. (The Royal Institute of International Affairs). 2*s.* 6*d.*

JAPAN OVER ASIA, by William Henry Chamberlin. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

THE UNCENSORED FAR EAST, by H. Hessell Tiltman. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The small book by the Far Eastern experts of Chatham House is certainly one of the best accounts of the eternal Sino-Japanese conflict that has been written for a long time. Even though the authors do not pretend to give any "local colour" to their dispassionate description, and in spite of the large part that history plays in it, the 130 pages of this paper make absorbing reading, and it is surprising how much information they contain without being crammed. Both sides get a full and fair representation of their respective cases. Domestic developments in China as well as in Japan stand very much in the foreground and great importance is justly given to the economic factors involved. The Western stake in the Far East is dealt with in a few instructive pages on the international status of Shanghai, and five short appendices

dealing with the historical development of Japan's demands on China serve to show the continuity with which they have been presented ever since the famous "Twenty-one Demands" were served on China, during the time of Western preoccupation in the World War. The great usefulness of these topical publications of the Royal Institute of International Affairs might still be enhanced by a short descriptive bibliography on the subjects with which they are dealing.

Japan Over Asia is as dispassionate an account as *China and Japan*; well-written, comprehensive, and documented by many interesting quotations from Japanese sources. The author has travelled in all parts of the Far East and lived in Japan for several years. His sense of humour, a quality often lacking in the Japanese, adds much to the value of the book. In summing up his able survey, Mr. Chamberlin asks the crucial question "how strong is Japan?" to which an answer cannot be expected to be given in a short formula, but in the following sentences he makes what, after almost nine months of war, seems to be proving a prophetic statement:

> "If Japan can crush effective Chinese resistance within six months the military and political side of its venture will have succeeded, although the very broad question of whether Japan will have the surplus resources for effective economic exploitation will remain to be answered. On the other hand, if China after a year still has forces in the field, perhaps armed from Russia, Japan's ultimate victory is likely to prove a Pyrrhic one."

The Uncensored Far East is different from either of the two other books, as the title implies. In many points it supplements them, but the reader who does not know much of China and Japan will have difficulty in judging the actual importance of certain quaint and thrilling aspects of Far Eastern life which, on account of the eminently readable stories they provide, are presented by Mr. Tiltman as fundamentals rather than as the characteristic incidentals they actually are. It was only recently that a Japanese lady travelling in Europe gave an account of Western Life just as quaint, and just as interesting in its subjectiveness because it also tended to ignore the fact that the "two worlds" have so very much in common as far as fundamentals go, in spite of spectacular outward differences. Yet in some instances, as in his description of the Japanese Army, Mr. Tiltman himself recognizes the great extent of ordinaryness which is to be found behind a façade so scurrilous and bewildering. Minor inaccuracies apart, the book is useful, and it is certainly interesting, especially where it supplies first-hand information.

GUNTHER STEIN.

THE WORLD OF ACTION, by Valentine Williams, *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d*

AS MUCH AS I DARE, by Faith Compton Mackenzie. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

LET ME TELL YOU, by Leslie Halward. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Taken together these three autobiographies have very little in common, although their very differences in style and composition make them interesting when read quickly one after the other. All, however, are good, and if Mr. Williams has the meatiest pie to offer, there is a satisfying if lighter meal to be enjoyed in the other two.

Mr. Williams was a Reuter man, by tradition, a Northcliffe man, by choice, then a soldier and now a novelist, so it is small wonder that he has much to tell and that he tells it well. The early days of Reuter's, of which Mr. Williams' father was Chief Editor at the close of the last century, are among the first memories of Mr. Williams, and it was natural that after perfecting his French and German he should join the same firm. But Mr. Williams', adventures really begin when at the "ripe age of twenty-one I felt equal to tackling anything, even the not unformidable task of representing Reuter's in Berlin in one of the worst

periods of Anglo-German relations." This was in 1904, but by 1909 Mr. Williams was ready for a change and when Northcliffe offered him the post of *Daily Mail* correspondent in Paris, he accepted.

All his life Mr. Williams has managed to be on the spot when history was being written. He has met nearly everyone of importance, whose personality, for good or ill, has impressed itself upon the world. His early experiences in Germany are intensely interesting, and his eager following of events leading up to the 1914 war present a vivid picture which is no less real because he does not follow too closely chronological order. With Northcliffe he was intimately connected with the effort of the Press to publish first-hand war news to which Kitchener was so stubbornly opposed, but he was in the Irish Guards when a shell, and not an enemy one, blew him skyhigh so that he " went up an experienced newspaper man, and came down a budding novelist." In a period of convalescence he wrote, "The Man with the Clubfoot". But it is impossible to do justice to this book in a review of any length. It is called *The World of Action*, and every page of the 470 justifies its name.

What Mrs. Compton Mackenzie has not dared to tell us about are the years since the War. She ends her story in 1916 with the death of her father, Edward Stone, to whose memory this book may well be said to be the tribute of a devoted daughter. Loving them as she does, Mrs. Mackenzie has drawn us three fine portraits in this book of her father, a famous master at Eton and then the founder of Stonehouse, Christopher Stone, her brother, whose voice, and through his voice his personality, is known to millions, and Compton Mackenzie, her husband. Husband and wife met but never spoke at a kindergarten school many years before they were properly introduced in Christopher Stone's room at Christ Church. Even then the meeting was not entirely a success, for Christopher's sister had toothache and Monty Mackenzie, lionized at the time as the Magdalen poet, knew the remedy for that. " Give your sister a glass of port, Christof. Port. That's what she should have. The best thing for toothache."

But schooldays at Eton and Stonehouse, where Faith and Christopher fought over a dead seagull (Christopher won by a bite but the seagull was confiscated) are not the only pages of delight in this lovable book. Faith was to stagger her family by a determination to go on the stage and soon she was crossing the Atlantic with a company of Charles Hawtrey. Then came marriage, quietly, almost secretly to Monty Mackenzie, an impecunious writer, in hopes if not in fact. Fate had Martin Secker in store for the Mackenzies, and Secker decided to start publishing with *The Passionate Elopement*. Fame came and with it money, but in the best sense it made little difference to the Mackenzies, who in spite of illness had always known the secret of happiness.

Mr. Halward has experienced three passions in his short life, boxing, gramophone records and writing. For twenty-two years he read nothing which he was not forced to read at school, and he had taken not the slightest interest in literature. " My earlier ambition to become a world-famous boxer is easily understood, I admired boxers. But I did not admire authors. To me they were vaguely unpleasant people—flat-chested, long-haired, pimply, and bespectacled—not at all like the magnificent specimens who fought for the honour and prestige of their country." Yet by his writing Mr. Hawtrey, son of a Birmingham pork butcher, and himself a toolmaker, albeit not a very good one, and then a plasterer has achieved by the methods of try, try again, a well defined place among the modern short story writers. His style is concise and in his stories very vivid, and it is certain that his autobiography will encourage many readers to take a keen interest in his work. Whether he has done well, now that a little fortune

has come his way to leave his old haunts and the scenes of his early inspiration for a dream cottage in the Malvern Hills will remain to be seen, but nobody reading this book, can wish him or Gwen anything but the best of luck. Gwen and he started courting years ago, and when he first kissed her "at the bottom of their entry," there was little prospect of marriage. But it was Gwen who bought him his typewriter from her savings and who accompanied him to London for his first interview with the publishers who were to bring out his collected stories, "To Tea on Sunday."

JOHN ARMITAGE.

MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

HEREDITY AND POLITICS, by J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The life of Marie Curie by her daughter is a model biography, thorough, balanced and well written; and the hand of the translator is never obtrusive. It is the story of man at his noblest, for as a "man of science" Madame Curie is perfect in her integrity and devotion to her life's work. All the more so because, for all her endowment of brains and imagination, she remained a very normal woman, devoted to family, faithful to husband and good mother to her children.

Consider the merest outline of her achievement. Born in Poland under the tyranny of Russia, deprived of educational advantages, one of five children of an over-worked schoolmaster and a consumptive mother, she slaved as a governess, helping to support her beloved sister Bronya in Paris until able to follow her there to take her degree at the Sorbonne. In Paris she starved and shivered in a garret, until prevailed upon by a brilliant young French scientist, Pierre Curie, to join forces with him in marriage. Happy periods of relaxation were seized to ramble the countryside on bicycles: otherwise their days were spent in arduous research with the minimum equipment in a ramshackle shed. Here they jointly pursued the investigation of radioactivity; and the woman made a revolutionary discovery:

> "By the force of her own intuition the physicist had shown to herself that wonderful substance must exist. She decreed its existence. But its incognito still had to be broken. Now she would have to verify hypothesis by experiment, isolate the material and see it. She must be able to announce with certainty: It is there."

The search involved the analysis of pitch-blende, product of mines in Bohemia, and they must have huge quantities, because only minute traces of the hypothetical new mineral could be expected to result. The Curies had neither money nor premises at their command. The solution of this problem, says Marie's daughter, "was simple enough, but somebody had to think of it." They would secure some tons of the residue left after the extraction of the uranium salts, and of this "worthless" product the Austrian Government were kind enough to dump a load at their door on payment of the transport charges. By treating this waste on the floor of their shed the Curies found what they were looking for.

What is truly astonishing in this surprising story is the indifference, the total lack of support, on the part of Pierre Curie's compatriots. Encouragement came from Switzerland, from England and from Sweden. The Academy admitted Pierre with reluctance; he would have preferred a laboratory to any honours the world could give him. "Nothing less than the Davy Medal and the Nobel Prize were required before the University of Paris bothered to create a chair in physics for Pierre Curie. The two scientists were saddened by this", and no wonder.

The rest of the story is one of world recognition and success voluntarily relinquished—they both agreed in refusing to benefit from the commercial exploitation of their discoveries, which they declined to protect by patent—continued labours in the cause of science and humanity, a continuous fight against Pierre's ill-health, his

pitifully tragic death by street accident, and the work carried on unremittingly by the lonely widow.

> "Motionless in appearance, matter contained . . . . . life and death. . . . . Philosophers had to begin their philosophy all over again and physicists their physics.

The last and most moving miracle was that radium could do something for the happiness of human beings." Could Marie Curie have a more fitting epitaph than these words of her all-comprehending daughter Eve?

Professor Haldane's thesis—or one aspect of it—is that peculiar perversion exhibited by modern Germany in its attitude to race and heredity. His method is strictly scientific, so much so that a good deal of his demonstration is beyond the grasp of the layman; but sufficient remains (thanks to his beautiful clarity of style and sense of irony) to reward the general reader. "The stringent measures which have been taken in Germany," says the Preface, "both for the expulsion of Jews from many walks of life, and for the compulsory sterilization of many Germans are said to be based on biological facts." Much depends on the use to which the facts are put, once they are established.

Professor Haldane demonstrates that: "Sterilization of all schizophrenics in Germany is not likely to reduce the numbers in the next generation by more than 3 per cent. Thus to prevent the birth of one child destined to schizophrenia in the next generation we must sterilize about sixteen schizophrenics and prevent the birth of ten normal children"—a strange way of securing the increased population which Hitler desires.

GARFIELD HOWE.

HELEN'S TOWER, by Harold Nicolson. *Constable.* 15*s.*

This volume, we have been told, is a new kind of autobiography. Actually it is a new kind of biography. It is an extremely good biography of Lord Dufferin of Ava, as seen through the four eyes of his nephew, Mr. Harold Nicolson. Two of the eyes see the uncle from the perspective of childhood, two from the perspective of middle age—a method which throws out considerable beams of light. But the honours between biography and autobiography are not evenly distributed. I do not say that we see too much of Lord Dufferin, but we certainly see too little of Mr. Nicolson. For instance, I was still wondering at the end of the book whether the author is English or Irish (not that there is a trace of Irishness in his prose save a desire, not wholly unrewarded, to write decently), and the reader feels that he might have done more than speak of "my brothers"—they cannot be so uninteresting as to deserve complete anonymity. However it is clever of Mr. Nicolson to have been so sparing on the autobiographical side, since what he gives us makes us want more. For he knows what he felt like as a child, to an almost alarming degree. The reality of a child's fear of the dark can seldom have been portrayed better, while there is something desperately good about a passage like this—"My mother was trying to find the place in the book where she had stopped reading aloud to me on the previous evening. She found it. 'Here it is! she said, and then she put on her reading-aloud voice and began: 'The three elder ones that afternoon had arranged a pleasant picnic behind the old mill. Bessie, for she was growing quite a big girl, was allowed to carry the smaller basket. When they reached the mill . . .'"

A book which is also literature contains memorable passages—a definition no longer of the slightest interest to the library public. Helen's Tower answers this standard: especially on three occasions—the description of Miss Plimsoll, his governess, taking tea; the description of Lord Dufferin's private station-waiting-room: and the description of Lord Gifford's adoration of Dufferin's mother. Such passages are not only in the tradition of skilful writing, they are fused with that quality of imagination which permits an author not merely to speak to the mind but to penetrate to the heart.

If the reader remembers with most pleasure the little glimpses which the author gives us of Gladstone or Napoleon or Kitty O'Shea or Whitaker Wright, the fact remains that the biography of Lord Dufferin is excellent. The difficulty is to get near the man—in spite of his magnificent eye and head. We are separated from him by his eighteen imperial, diplomatic, and political distinctions and his twelve academic ones. Under this weight it is hard to humanize him. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth and moving all the time through courts, palaces, banquets, and endless drawing-rooms, he is certainly at a disadvantage for getting his talents recognized. It would have been impossible for his nephew to have brought him down to earth at all, had it not been for the central romance of his life—his mother. When we close the book it is not his triumphs that we remember, nor the dark sorrows of his weakness; not his imperial ascendancy nor his earthquake of disaster—but his love for her whose memory is still kept sacred in that strange monument called Helen's Tower in the old garden home. Mr. Nicolson has made it clear that the love between this mother and this son was an idyll, and that it belongs to all humanity. We do not question the truth of the widower's words—"Thus went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth."

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

A SHIP OF THE LINE, by C. S. Forester. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE MOUNTAIN SPEAKS, by Marjorie Scott Johnston. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS, by Sinclair Lewis. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE RAINS CAME, by Louis Bromfield. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

One common defect of modern novel-writing that Mr. Forester seems never likely to fall into is that of endowing his characters with unlimited spare time in which to work out the intrigue of his plots. He is emphatically a novelist of action, and his characters are shown carrying on their normal daily avocations. Perhaps even more emphatically he may be described as the best recorder in modern fiction of the ideal of Service; and it is largely because this ideal, except in the advertisements, is an unfashionable one, that Mr. Forester is not more widely acknowledged as the first-class craftsman he undoubtedly is

In his latest book, *A Ship of the Line*, that able and conscientious seaman, Horatio Hornblower, now promoted Captain, makes a welcome reappearance. He still suffers from a chronic inability to value his powers at their full worth; and the official discouragements and rebuffs that he receives do nothing to cure his self-distrust. Taciturn and gruff when action threatens, like many fine campaigners we have known, the gallant Captain shows his delightful human self when the nervous tension is ended and the storm bursts. Through it all it is his duty as a sailor that is the first thing, and he is as hard on every member of his crew as upon himself.

To those familiar with Mr. Forester's work it will be unnecessary to add that the cutting-out expeditions, shore-going raids, and every relevant detail of the daily life of a 74-gun ship in the year 1810 are as vividly and accurately described as if the author had himself withstood a broadside of grape and canister. Captain Hornblower is left with the prospect of languishing in a French prison; may we hope that Mr. Forester will soon provide us with another instalment of his adventures?

In *The Mountain Speaks* Miss Scott Johnston takes her readers at once into pleasantly unfamiliar surroundings—one of those lesser valleys of the Valaisan Alps that most of us know merely as dark V-shaped gaps in the mountain wall south of the Rhône. Like all true lovers of the heights, she appreciates to the full the austerely curative value of the lonely and lovely places to all sufferers from the diseases

of civilisation. Her story is seasoned, perhaps a little obtrusively here and there, with the philosophy of the mountains. But we owe her our thanks for using a quiet sense of humour in dealing with the cardinal incident of her plot, a misunderstanding caused by a total absence of humour. This was a difficult and dangerous task, but she carries it off triumphantly. The trouble is seen not so much through the eyes of the principals as through those of more or less interested spectators: Uncle Prujean, the embodiment of the spirit of the valley; Sholto Fraser, the successful and disillusioned painter; and the meanly vicious Victoria. For such as Victoria even the Zillon valley can do nothing, but to Sholto it brings back much of the zest of life. And a flash of grim tragedy, calling for the best of help from everyone, reveals sterling qualities even in Mr. Simpson, the button-maker, whose soul, we had thought, was given over entirely to buttons. This is a thoughtful and hopeful book, and the occasional folk-tales, grim or fairylike, are a pleasant decoration.

The Prodigal Parents is a grimly humorous moral tract against the danger of having too little to do, and if it is true that the children of most successful Americans grow up like Sara and Howard Cornplow, the state of affairs there is pretty desperate. The title is really a misleading one; there is very little prodigal about Fred Cornplow except his amazing generosity to his unlicked cubs, and it would be unfair to regard his grand attempt at escape as anything more than a well-earned holiday. Presented as he is with Mr. Lewis's practised skill it is difficult not to like Mr. Cornplow Sr.; but he is just as much wrapped up in sales-talk and motor-trailers as Mr. Simpson was in buttons. The unrelieved hideousness of every background and the shallowness of every philosophy in provincial America are revealed in all their nudity by Mr. Lewis's practised pen. The Daisy Dell Cabins are surely unrivalled even in the modern English landscape.

In Mr. Bromfield's work, a dozen or so stories are loosely woven into a congruous unity, with the spirit of India in the monsoon all-pervasive. Mr. Bromfield's India is not the India of tradition, but something at once better and worse, and certainly more real. We feel that the great and good Maharaja really *has* succeeded in bringing some concrete and lasting benefits to Ranchipur, which flood and earthquake cannot destroy; and, better still, that he has assembled a group of men and women, both Indian and European, whose principal aim is to see that the good work goes on. Here, as elsewhere, the safety of the State is in the hands of a few, and those who hamper them are fools rather than knaves. And the author makes us realize the practicability of a State in which Raschid, the proud and energetic Muslim, and Mr. Jobnekar, the Untouchable, can in their several ways be equally useful members of the community.

L. Russell Muirhead.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

The state of national emergency continues—though most Englishmen's senses continue to be dulled through a liberal application of chloroform by Government spokesmen and a commercialized Press. It is our business in THE FORTNIGHTLY to look the realities in the face which the daily newspaper prefers to gloss over. We are glad, therefore, to publish the timely and vigorous warning of **Vigilans** whose main indictment of the ruling oligarchy is their refusal to be frank—with themselves or with the public. This contribution takes the place of the editorial lamentation with which the last two numbers of this review have opened.

It is imperative indeed that the dangers ahead should be clearly envisaged: on the one hand, the remorseless challenge of a Germany avid as ever for power and flushed with the wine of success, on the other hand an expansionist Italy condemned by her vassal condition in regard to Central and South-Eastern Europe to play for ever higher stakes in the Mediterranean basin.

The Right Hon. Sir Malcolm Robertson P.C., G.C.M.G., K.B.E., speaks with authority on Germany's ambitions, which he learnt to know at close quarters in a long Foreign Office career. Entering the service in 1898 he rose to the rank of Ambassador (following a period as Minister Plenipotentiary) at Buenos Aires (1927-29). Prior to that he had been in charge of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission and subsequently H.M. Agent and Consul-General at Tangier at a critical period. Since his retirement in 1930 he has turned an exceptionally active mind to business—he is the full-time working Chairman of Spillers' Ltd—and a variety of useful minor services to the State. He is, for instance, this year's President of the Modern Language Association. Of late he has been much in demand as an expositor of the problems of international affairs and has been very struck by the extent and quality of the public interest.

George Martelli was, until the paper's untimely end, the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. His book on "Italy Against the World," published last year, was everywhere hailed as a careful and objective study of the issues hinging upon Signor Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure. A recent tour of the Eastern and Southern Mediterranean shores has given him a close-up view of the forces all the time inpelling two nations which would fain be friendly into a power-conflict.

That the ruling elements of this country should have been so long blind to the impulsion of German and Italian policies is the amazing thing. **R. H. S. Crossman,** in his article "Sahibs at Sea" provides the best explanation we have yet seen. Born into the governing class himself, a Wykehamist and Fellow and Philosophy Tutor of his college (New College), Dick Crossman has made a name for himself at a comparatively early age. He has a rare knowledge of Germany and a fluent pen. As a Labour Party candidate for Parliament he has recently

preferred to slough his academic skin and to devote his talents to instructing University Extension and W.E.A. classes in political thought and current affairs. He has also shown himself a broadcaster of no mean ability.

"British broadcasting has expanded about as much as it can do without further priming of the pump." **Edward Liveing,** who reaches this conclusion, has been associated with this new medium for some thirteen years, having joined the B.B.C. in 1924. For a number of years he was North Regional Director, until he resigned from that post last year. Before entering the service of the B.B.C. he was editor of *Discovery*. He wrote one of the earliest war-books—*Attack*—which will be remembered after many of the more lurid and sensational have been forgotten.

We are fortunate in drawing likewise upon the best expert guidance in the article we publish on Air Routes of To-day and To-morrow. **C. J. Galpin** (who, like Edward Liveing was at St. John's College, Oxford) has been Deputy-Director of Civil Aviation since 1931. His special field is overseas civil aviation, and he is well prepared for the task by previous experience as Chief Auditor to the R.A.F. in Palestine and then in Egypt.

Richard Acland, M.P., has come to the front very quickly as a fearless and outspoken progressive politician. Liberal member for Barnstaple since 1935 (after standing twice unsuccessfully) he has done more than any other serving politician to promote the idea of a coalition of progressives to oust the present reactionary Government. His little book "Only one Battle," published last November, is to be recommended as a trenchant statement of the anti-Government case. After coming down from Oxford he worked for a while with a firm of architects and has retained a special interest in the many problems that have to do with building sites.

George Soloveytchik has some pertinent personal comment on things French; **Willard Price** introduces us to the little-known lore of Siam. Both these authors are old friends. **Diplomaticus,** too, is a valued contributor. The usual story which we publish has this month a savour appropriate to the time of the annual Royal Academy show and finally in one of THE FORTNIGHTLY'S rare excursions into verse, we are privileged to print a poem of **Lord Gorell.** The author will be known to many as editor of *The Cornhill*, and partner in the publishing house of John Murray. Author and critic, poet and cricketer, and a chairman of special commissions much in demand—Lord Gorell has played many parts. From 1928-35 he was Chairman of the Society of Authors and he was last year's Chairman of the Royal Aero Club.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Mr. Arthur Greenwood in the House of Commons on Monday, April 4th, when moving "That, as the foreign policy of His Majesty's Government cannot arrest the dangerous drift towards war and is inconsistent with their election pledges, this House is of opinion that the issue should be submitted to the country without delay," spoke as follows with reference to the Editor's article "Crisis", published in our March number, "I commend to the Prime Minister an article in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW is not a revolutionary organ. It is not the kind of organ that would write to me and ask me to express my views about international affairs. Here is a short quotation from an article by the editor of that very august paper, entitled "Crisis": Mr. Greenwood then quoted the whole of the second paragraph of our leading article and commented, "Never were truer words written." For this publicity for the views of THE FORTNIGHTLY, our grateful thanks, and may it encourage the Prime Minister and for that matter, Mr. Greenwood, to take out an annual subscription. To blow a fanfare on our own trumpets—there has been plain speaking of a valuable kind in the last few issues of this paper.

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Now guess who wrote the following passage and when. "England is behaving ignobly, pitiably, in all this, and I almost blush to be an Englishman at the present moment. We have no statesmen and no policy and we refuse to raise our voices against the dismemberment of a faithful ally. England never abdicated so shamefully her place as a great power and never gave such reason as now to those who accuse her of utter selfishness. We shall suffer for it bitterly one day and in *our* distress shall look around in vain for a single friend to help us. We think we are secure in our island and so let carnage and violence go on unchecked and allow ourselves to become the byword of Europe as the power that will talk but never fight to prevent wrong. In my humble opinion Mr. . . . . ., great man as he is, is quite at sea in foreign affairs, and the rest of the Cabinet are narrow-minded respectabilities and peace-at-any-price men." The missing name is 'Gladstone' not 'Chamberlain' and the author Mr. Williams, father of Valentine Williams, not the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY. It was written in a letter on September 10th, 1870, a few days after the proclamation of the French Republic by Mr. Williams from Paris to his mother. The quotation is taken from Mr. Valentine Williams' autobiography, *The World of Action*, reviewed in this number, and Mr. Valentine Williams comments, but not quite in the same sense, on "The continuity of history"!

From the world of action to the world of books. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., have published as a pamphlet, Mr. A. J. Hoppé's talk on Everyman's Library, which was delivered at the L.C.C. Barrett Street Trade Schools on January 24, in the series of Talks on Bookselling sponsored by the London Branch of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland. The " inside " story of Everyman's is a romance, for J. M. Dent knew that to succeed he must start in a really large and comprehensive way. " I thought if I could plan a series, dividing it into sections like History, Fiction, Biography, etc., and carefully make a scheme of non-copyright books, and then see whether I could add to it by translations of classics and foreign literature, should be able to grasp something of the proportions of such an undertaking, and judge if it were possible with my limited capital to begin it with hopes of success." As everyman knows, the Library has been kept magnificently up to date, and it is small wonder that some of the figures are staggering. We can quote two of them. " The total sales of the Library to date are just about 30,000,000, representing a sale of roughly 1,000,000 volumes a year since publication. The average sale per volume since publication is over 30,000.

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The North-East Development Board, which has recently been holding a display at the Charing Cross, London Underground station, was formed in December, 1934, for the purpose of stimulating and reviving industrial activity in the Area which it serves. This area covers the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire, and contains a population of 2,711,900. The activities of the Board have been widespread and have included a publicity campaign designed to make more widely known the opportunities and facilities for industrial development within the Area. It attempts, also, to encourage the expansion of industries already established in the North-East and to attract new ones. The Board is composed of representatives of many interests, including local Authorities, Members of Parliament, Public Utility services and Industries.

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" Perilous Europe " is the title of a series of six public lectures to be held at Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, during the summer term. The lectures will be given by Dr. Karl Polanyi, and the final one will be entitled " What Can Britain Do ? " The lectures will be on Tuesdays at 8 p.m., beginning on May 3. Further details and course tickets (price 2/6) may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the College.